

The Womens Missionary Magazine

of the United Presbyterian Church

VOLUME 50

DECEMBER, 1936

NUMBER 5

Congo Crosses

A STUDY OF CONGO WOMANHOOD

By JULIA LAKE KELLERSBERGER

A NEW BOOK

"Here's an adventure! What awaits
Beyond the closed mysterious gates?
Whom shall I meet? Where shall I go
Beyond the lovely land I know?
Perchance for good, perchance for ill.
I hold my breath a moment still
Before the magic of your look—
What will you do to me, O Book?"

This month we begin this new adventure as we open the pages of "Congo Crosses" written by Julia Lake Kellersberger. In addition we shall be reviewing and comparing our own mission fields with those of Belgian Congo as we study "Sudan Crosses" and "Ethiopian Crosses".

I asked Mrs. Kellersberger to give us something special for *The Womens Missionary Magazine*. As she prepares letters monthly to be sent to interested friends she has included the women of the United Presbyterian Church in her circle and has sent us some of her letters to be used during the period of our study.—Editor.

How "Congo Crosses" Was Written

By the Author

HAD I known that missionaries would be called upon to be all things to all men at all times, perhaps I would have spent fifty years in preparation to become a linguist, a trained nurse, a barber, a private secretary, a high school teacher, a home maker, a hotel keeper for innumerable guests, a primary and junior expert, plus several other accomplishments to fill up the cracks and corners. My preconceived idea of missionary life coincided with that of my college

classmates who depicted my future by drawing a little jet figure sitting under an African palm tree teaching little children, dressed only in sunshine, how to read. I very soon discovered that there is very little time to sit under a palm tree in Central Africa. I, who had visions of revolutionizing the country during my first term of service, of visiting distant villages where no white person had ever been before, and of leading many to Christ who had never heard the gospel story, found

my days crowded with the barter of salt, fish hooks, and razor blades, for peas, potatoes, and pineapples. There were innumerable cups of tea to pour, over the sipping of which small talk in several different tongues must be carried on. Teaching Latin to missionary children in the morning, talking French to European guests at noon and reading Bible in the vernacular in the heat of the afternoon, leaves one mentally fatigued by dusk. Living one thousand miles from a barber shop, a missionary wife must learn to cut her husband's hair properly and keep up with the latest bob for children. Where there is no Sears and Roebuck, she must learn to cut and sew. With no Piggly-Wiggly or Hoggly-Woggly in calling distance, she must learn to prepare a balanced diet, with native produce, three times a day. With no previous business training she must be her own and her husband's private secretary and write innumerable letters in several languages. She must nurse the sick and care for the dying, though she probably knows nothing about the internal workings of a hospital. There are two hundred little shiny-eyed, ebony-bodied beginners to be taught in the Church school, a group of adolescent African girls to train for leadership, and the wives of prospective evangelists to prepare for their responsible positions in the hill country. She must have "grace and grit, gladness and gumption" to meet every emergency as it arises, both day and night.

Going across the ocean does not make one a saint, neither does it change materially the daily sched-

ule, slipped by so rapidly, that before I was aware the time had come to prepare for our return. One hour of black discouragement followed. I had not set Africa on fire for God as I had longed to do and I prayed earnestly that I might not return to the States empty-handed. At that time there was on its way to me a letter asking that I compile the mission study book for 1936 on Congo women and girls. The task was colossal in the short time remaining. The Belgian Congo represents one million square miles, twelve million people, almost one half million Protestant Christians including forty-four Protestant denominations united together to form "The Church of Christ in the Congo." There are ten thousand Protestant schools, millions of consultations in Protestant hospitals, and innumerable other phases of religious work extended over a period of fifty years of sacrificial, pioneering effort. Material would have to be collected from isolated posts in the heart of the forests and along the river banks. Transportation was slow and the passage of time, quick. An outline of the whole study was to be mailed in two months, during which time a conference of missionaries was in session holding meetings day and night on the station for several weeks. It seemed a physically-impossible task and a hasty note was written saying that it couldn't be done but the letter was never mailed. Instead, after prayer and counsel with others, a native lad was walking one hundred and fifty miles through the forests and plains,

carrying a spear lest he suddenly come upon lions in the path, with a cable accepting the responsibility. How that outline was prayed about during the night hours, after the busy conferences of the day were over! Gradually the theme of "Crosses" took shape for the six chapters, for Congo is a land of crosses both physically, astronomically, and spiritually. There is "The Cross in the Sky" looking down upon a land of beauty and pathos; "The Cross on the Land" carved there two hundred and fifty years ago in solid stone along the banks of the Congo river, symbolical of the cross of slavery and political despotism that formerly ravished the country; "The Cross upon the Back" of women and girls, who are modern Gibeonites, hewers of wood and drawers of water; "The Cross within the Heart" of the Congo woman who is bought, in marriage, by copper crosses; "The Cross along the Road" where two ways meet and the Christian policies of the future will determine which way the African woman will go; and "The Cross of Calvary," the arms of which are still strong enough to hang the destinies of nations upon and without which, other crosses that hang heavily upon that heavily laden land, could never be lifted. Usually an outline of a book is derived from material already in hand. The outline for "Congo Crosses" was written on faith, believing that the rest would follow. It was accepted and published with very little change. An "S.O.S." call for stories, proverbs, pictures, statistics, drawings, history and mission jour-

nals was sent throughout the Colony. There was barely time to receive replies before departure, for mail came only once in three weeks. Enough material was collected in three months to write two books on the subject, instead of one. Congo river boats changed schedules at a most propitious time, making it imperative to wait three weeks on the coast for the tourist steamer that was to take us home. This interval was spent in compiling the material which fitted exactly, paragraph by paragraph, into the outline previously made. During this time, I found in my prayer book a petition written with all of the enthusiasm of a new missionary, before my arrival on African soil, "Lord, make me a sharpened pencil in Thy Hands." I had not prayed, "Lord, let me compile a mission study book." I merely wanted to be an instrument in His Hands for service, His secretary to write His message from His black children to His white ones. He had taken me literally and was answering my prayer in a most unexpected way.

The title of "Congo Crosses" should be "We", for it is not the writing of one individual but the compilation of material collected from various sources throughout the whole Colony and represents the life blood and the life history of many pioneers who have followed in the train of the early martyrs of the Church. From its incipency the study was dedicated to God and the honorarium, if all expenses of writing could be met without asking aid from any human source, was to go to the work among Bantu women.

and girls through the Congo Protestant Council.

The chapters were put together during the hot days crossing the equator, while the boat tossed from side to side in tropical storms at sea and with cold winds blowing stingingly through thin-blooded tropic travelers in the English channel. There was no room for chair or table in the tiny cabin on the crowded boat, so a kind steward arranged a small corner in the dining saloon, where between ten meals a day served in relays to twenty-seven nationalities on board, material was spread out for a few minutes at a time and collected again before the next tea. How indispensable was this kindly German to the compilation of this mission study. How indispensable has been the help of innumerable ones who sent materials and made copies, drew pictures and prayed in secret for the success of the book. How invaluable have been the criticisms of pioneers who read the proof, and the suggestions of the Committee who published it.

The same ravens who fed Elijah of old are not dead yet. Whenever expense of travel in connection with obtaining data for the work, had to be met, or letters in great numbers had to be written (It costs about 12c for each letter sent from the tropics) or a secretary had to be secured, the money was always on hand. It is very difficult to get a book written on schedule time, especially when the final steps have to be taken amidst home comings, family reunions, summer confer-

ences and extensive travel. The last week before the contract expired a consecrated young college girl worked early and late to copy the whole manuscript correctly. She unspelled many incorrect words. She corrected many comma blunders. She worked with such painstaking care, amid the confusion of a young people's conference, that the manuscript did not have to be recopied, the usual procedure before sending to the printer, for only minor changes were necessary. When the completed manuscript left by air mail to arrive on contract time, there was general rejoicing by many friends and intercessors.

One final step remained to be taken. All financial expense had been met up to this last week. The secretary had traveled one hundred miles in order to arrange the pages in final form. Her expenses had to be met and a small honorarium given for her splendid efficiency. There was no money left, but every step from the beginning had been marvelously directed by God. What He begins, He will always perfect. The next morning an unknown friend came with a sealed envelope and the statement that God had put it into her heart to give this check for any purpose which was needed most. **IT WAS EXACTLY THE AMOUNT THAT WOULD MEET THE FINAL FINANCIAL OBLIGATIONS.** The book has now been published and the honorarium will help to advance the cause for which it was written. It belongs to all who have helped in its compilation and to all who read with an open mind and heed with a willing heart.

Congo Crosses

Reviewed with Additional Material by MRS. E. D. McKUNE

CONGO *Crosses* comes from the pen of a missionary who prayed that she might be "a sharpened pencil in God's hand." Read in this Magazine her testimony of *How Congo Crosses Was Written*. Do you not feel the power of the radiant Christian personality of Julia Lake Kellersberger? May we have "sharpened ears, minds, and hearts" to truly receive her message!

Mrs. Kellersberger was born in Alabama. She is a graduate of Agnes Scott College, Georgia, and of Biblical Seminary, New York. She did religious education work in various states of her native South. She understands and loves the Negro. In 1930 she married Dr. Eugene Kellersberger, a famous missionary doctor in the Belgian Congo, serving under the Presbyterian Church, U. S. The name which the African women have given to her is a tribute to both Dr. and Mrs. Kellersberger. Translated into English it is—"Lady Full of Happiness, Wife of Doctor Not Afraid to Touch Anybody."

The logical development, picturesque language, flashes of humor, and spiritual insight and application of subject matter, combine to make this book a valuable addition to any missionary library. From many readers of *Congo Crosses* comes the testimony that it has given to them a fresh experience of the power of Christ, and a renewed desire to "live and give" that The Cross-Bearer of the world may be exalted among all peoples.

We echo the request of Mrs. Harriet Boobyer, in her Magazine studies on the American Ne-

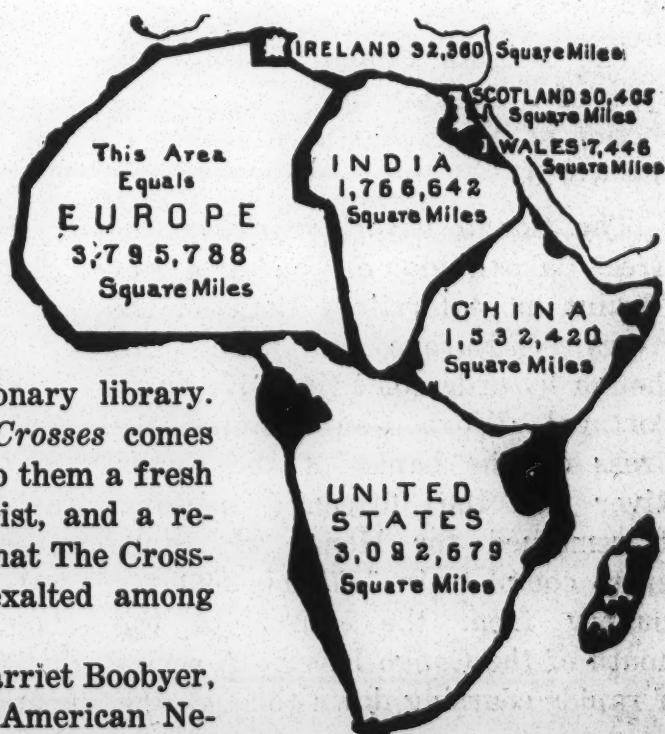
gro, in asking that no Society nor individual will substitute these notes for the Text itself. Our only desire in presenting brief glimpses here and there of *Congo Crosses*, and of additional material, is that you may be impelled to thoroughly study the thoughts of our gifted author.

Let us consider the first two chapters: *The Cross in the Sky* and *The Cross on the Land*, under four topics.

GEOGRAPHICAL BACKGROUND

Africa! The distance around this second largest continent is as great as the distance around the earth. The area is vast, as you will note from the accompanying "comparative size" map.

Why were only certain sections of Africa, particularly along the coast, known to the world for many years? Why was the pioneer work of men like Livingstone and Stanley so dif-



ficult? Who owns Africa today and why? A knowledge of the geographical background helps us to understand not only the historical background, but also the reasons for the progress, or lack of progress, of Christian Missions, because the physical features of Africa have done much to shape the superstitions of generations of her people.

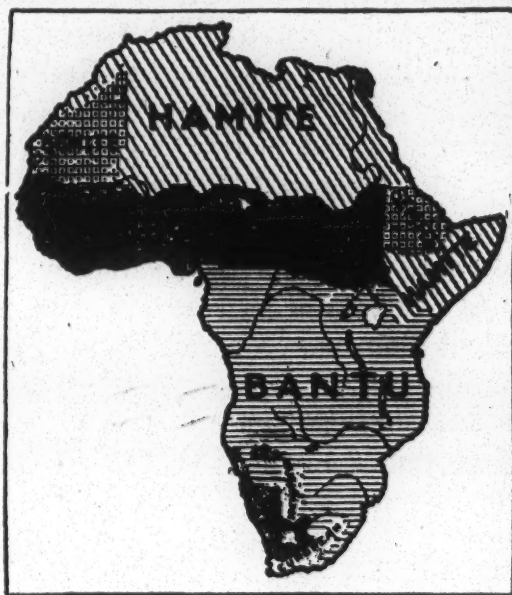
The colored map found in each text book resembles a mosaic or patchwork quilt. Dr. Emory Ross in *Out of Africa* says: "Africa does not exist save as a geographical incident or romantic backdrop. What exists is French Africa in nine sections; British Africa in nineteen lots; Belgian Africa in two pieces; Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish Africa in three divisions each; with Egypt, Liberia and Ethiopia left over to maintain traditions of autonomy—if indeed the events of May, 1936, have not already reduced the three to two." (They did!). "Africa in nine acts and forty-two scenes—simultaneously!"

The Belgian Congo! Within the span of a lifetime this vast interior section of Africa has been opened to the world.

The Congo River, rising in the Great Lakes region of Central Africa "drains more territory than all the rivers of Europe combined." Although by order of Prince Henry of Portugal, Diogo Cam planted the Cross on the banks of the Congo River in the fifteenth century, it remained for Henry M. Stanley to complete in 1877 his 999-day journey from the source to the mouth of the Congo River. A series of rapids coursing down through the

Crystal Mountains to the lower coastal region "had impeded the progress of a continent for two hundred years."

Today the Belgian Congo, with its 910,000 square miles, is approximately eighty times the size of its mother country. Its population is approxi-



mately 10,000,000. Note on the accompanying map which shows the Distribution of African Races, that for the most part, the people of the Congo belong to the great Bantu Race. The term "Bantu" has been applied to a large group of tribes inhabiting Central and Southern Africa because of certain characteristics in the many languages they speak.

CONTRASTS

Dr. P. H. J. Lerrigo calls Africa "an incubating continent" — where the Old is giving place to the New, rapidly in some places, gradually in others. It is difficult to make generalizations about Africa—or even about the Congo—for what is true about one section may not be true of another.

The Southern Cross shines down upon a people who in the past sixty years have been plunged into an intricate mechanized civilization. No wonder there are strange, even ludicrous, contrasts!

If we had traveled with Mrs. Kellersberger in 1930, doubtless we, too, would have stood on the deck of the ship, when for the first time we were crossing the equator, watching reverently the beautiful heavens God had created. In the ship's ballroom the merry crowd was indifferent to these celestial beauties. The Southern Cross shines constantly upon another group characterized neither by reverence nor by indifference, but by fear and superstition. We shall meet this group as we accompany Mrs. Kellersberger up the Congo River and saunter with her through Congo forests and over Congo hills and plains. We shall see thousands of men, women and children living in haunting fear of the sun, moon, stars, and of the spirits which inhabit the ordinary things of nature.

"Congo is a country of contrasts: a land of light and darkness, of love and hate, reverence and revenge, sunny songs and weird wails, floods and droughts, feasting and famine, cold dawns and blazing noons, giants and pygmies, Christianity and paganism. . . ." (p. 40). In the world of colors, of sounds, and of odors, in animal and vegetable life, we find vivid contrasts.

The Aged can only blink their eyes in wonderment as they see their sons and grandsons working with intricate machinery and hoarding peculiar coins, instead of counting their wealth in terms of wives or cattle.

But for us, doubtless the most satisfactory contrast would be to witness simple, devout Christians worshipping God, in contrast to the weird, superstitious ceremonies of the witch doctors.

In the Congo where the Old and the New are jumbled together, may Christian missions help the people to "retain the best of the Old, and obtain the best of the New."

PAST CROSSES

A study of the facts presented in Chapter II gives one the feeling of looking through a vast World Kaleidoscope and observing the shifting play and interplay of forces, from without, and from within, that make Africa today a *needy* continent.

Our author discusses four types of Crosses which "cast their sinister shadows on the weary land"—*Past Crosses*, *Passing Crosses*, *Present Crosses*, and *Future Crosses*. The kaleidoscopic picture presented is rather dark, but we must remember that we are looking at the crosses made by a pagan and helpless people, or by unscrupulous plunderers interested only in the exploitation of the natives. One piece of "glass" is missing from this imaginary kaleidoscope. It, too, is in the form of a cross—the gleaming Cross of Christ, and is the only *Cross* which can lessen, or banish these *others*. In a later chapter we shall see a changed picture.

The "kaleidoscope idea" grew into the accompanying sketch. (See explanatory Key to map shadings). If we turn the tube of a toy kaleidoscope the pieces of glass form varied and unexpected color combinations.

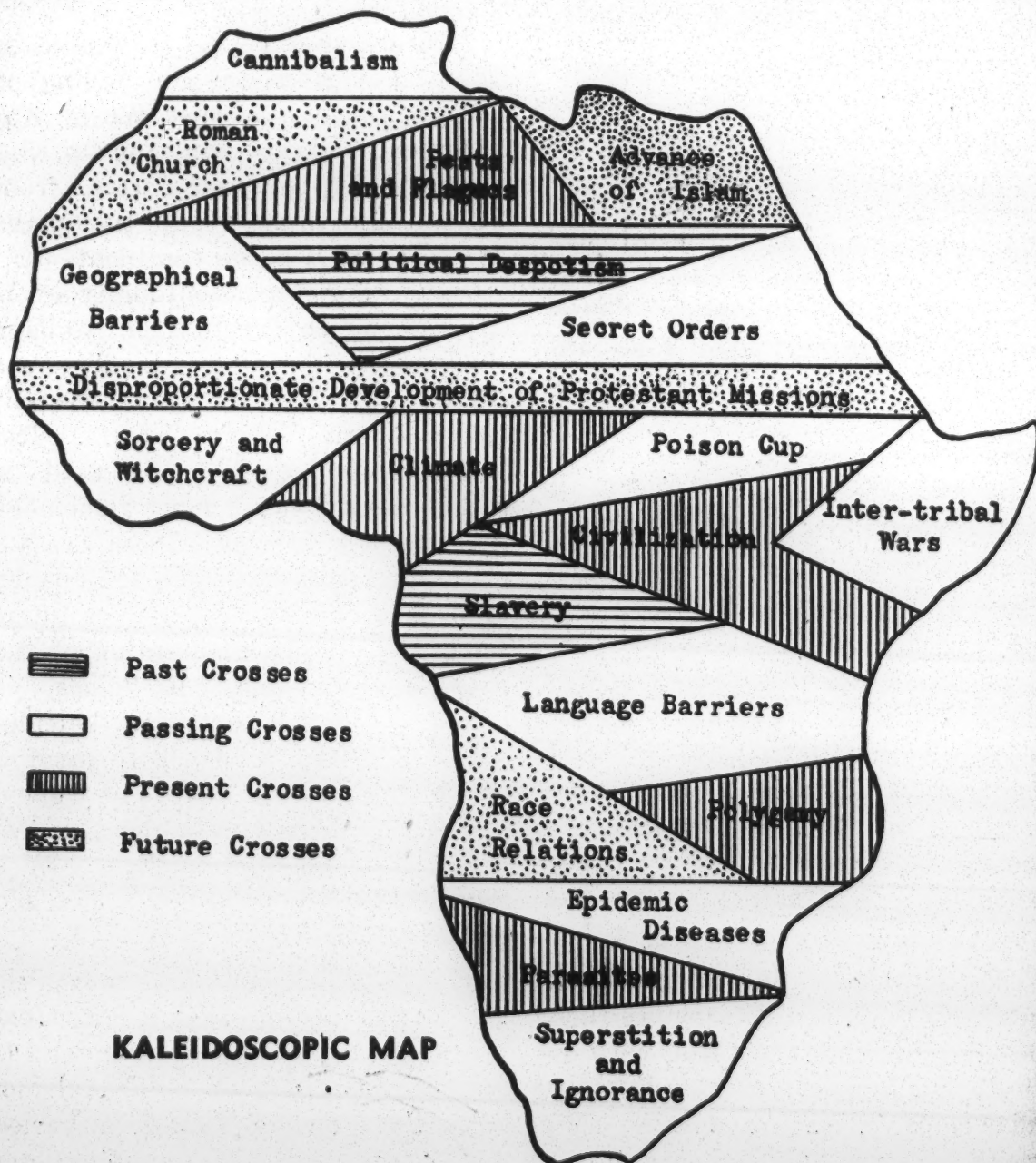
Likewise, although every one of the twenty topics discussed by Mrs. Kellersberger appears on the Sketch, there is no reason for placing them in any particular order. The "pieces of glass" just happened to arrange themselves thus.

You will note that there are two *Past Crosses*.

The Cross of Slavery has been a double curse—to Africa, and to those who made it "the open sore of the

world." The population of the Congo was greatly decimated by the lawless institution of slave-raiding.

The Cross of Political Despotism was especially prominent in the Congo. After the opening of the Congo by Stanley there followed about a quarter of a century of greedy exploitation of the natives, especially in the mad quest for rubber. In 1908 the so-called "Congo Free State" became a colonial possession of Bel-



gium. Leopold III, the present King of Belgium, is solicitous for the welfare of his subjects in the Congo.

These Crosses have left deep scars on the land of the Congo, but we are thankful that they may be called *Past Crosses*.

PERILS OF TODAY

The *Passing*, the *Present*, and the *Future Crosses* are perils which concern Africa today. With "the kaleidoscope map" before you, consult the Text for a full discussion of these perils as they affect the Congo.

These *Passing Crosses* still exist in all parts of Africa, but they are rapidly disappearing before the impact of scientific knowledge: *Geographical Barriers*; *Language Barriers*; *Inter-tribal Wars*; *Sorcery and Witchcraft*; *Cannibalism*; *Secret Orders*; *the Poison Cup*; *Epidemic Diseases*; *Ignorance and Superstition*.

Three of the *Present Crosses* are very real to the personal life of missionaries—the tropical *Climate*, the *Parasite*, and *Pests and Plagues*. The high rate of mortality shows their reality to the Africans also. *Polygamy* and *Civilization* are two added perils for today's native. The unmistakable blessings which Civiliza-

tion has taken to the Congolaise cannot atone for the curses of drink, the white man's diseases, cigarettes, Sabbath desecration, etc. Dr. Basil Matthews in *Consider Africa* quotes an African as saying: "At first we had the land and the white man had the Bible, now we have the Bible and the white man has the land."

Future Crosses: Even as the Present is rooted in the Past, so the Future is growing roots in the Present. It is necessary to be aggressive now if these ominous crosses are to be conquered: *Race Relations*; *Advance of Islam*; *The Roman Church*; and *The Disproportionate Development of Protestant Missions*. In *Congo Mission News*, published quarterly in Leopoldville by the forty-four Protestant agencies in the Congo, we read that Protestant missionaries have come to the Congo in recent years by twos and threes. Roman Catholic missionaries by thirties and forties, and recently there landed at Matadi eighty in one party, to serve in Central Africa where two thousand Roman Catholic missionaries are already at work.

Governmental, commercial and industrial agencies are knocking down many African idols. What will Protestant missions help to put in their place?

Program Suggestions

Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. (2 Tim. 2:15).

To the insistent call for "Missionary Methods" we would answer in the words of 2 Tim. 2:15. The Leader or Society that studies for God's ap-

proval, that has tools of which no missionary workman need be ashamed, that reads widely on the subject so that there may be a basis for rightly dividing the word of truth, should have meetings that will be interesting and helpful in their local and world influence.

Of the many Methods that *might* be used, such as Reviews by one or more persons, Discussions, or especially adapted features of various sorts, choose carefully the plans best suited to your group. Season the preparation and presentation with Prayer.

Mrs. Kellersberger in "A Personal Message to the Teacher of this Book" (p. 4 *How to Use*) pleads that in all our plans we put *personal, spiritual preparation* first. "Be greedy to get and extravagant to give" is her advice. How many missionary meetings fail because somebody is indifferent or slipshod in her mental and spiritual preparation?

SOME NECESSARY TOOLS AND JUST HELPFUL. (All may be ordered from the Literature Dept.)

1. *Text—Congo Crosses*. 50c. (The average American family thinks nothing of buying several good current 25c Magazines each month. Is it too much to hope that many will invest the cost of 2 Magazines in this book which is not "gone with the passing month?" Someone seeing it on your table may read it and be helped.

2. *Photo & Life Sketch of Mrs. Kellersberger, author*. 10c.

3. *Map*. Small colored Map in Text is fine! Enlarge for group use, or, you may secure a good, large Wall Map of Africa, locating practically all Mission Stations. 60c.

4. *How to Use*. 15c.

5. *Tests—"What Do You Know About Africa?"* 3c each, or 25c per dozen.

6. *Supplementary Books on Africa*. (See Bibliography, p. 213—Text).

We shall mention two books to which we refer later for supplementary study: (Both are on the Denominational Reading Circle List).

Consider Africa by Basil Matthews. Cloth \$1. Paper 60c.

Out of Africa by Emory Ross. Cloth \$1. Paper 60c.

May we also mention that Chapter V of *The Land and Life of Africa* by Margaret Wrong—75c—is an excellent presentation of the Chart, found in these pages, on the Distribution of the African Races.

7. *Missionary Review of the World*—"Special African number," October, 1936. 25c. (Usually found in city libraries).

8. *Novelties* (See List in *How to Use*). Pictures, flags, etc. The set of 5 large colored, imported Posters is good. 50c. They are used in the Congo to teach Reading.

POSTERS or INVITATIONS—
Preceding each chapter of *Congo Crosses* is a symbolic drawing. They may be copied for invitations, or enlarged on Posters and kept before the group.

ROLL CALL or SOCIAL HOUR
Use African Proverbs (Text, pp. 215-218).

For Roll Call copy Proverbs on tiny cut-out outline maps of Africa and distribute for reading.

For the Social Hour these tiny maps may be cut jig-saw fashion into 2 pieces. Match Proverbs and have English equivalent given for each Proverb.

Someone may make a collection of additional African Proverbs. Ask

missionaries for Proverbs heard in Sudan, Ethiopia and Egypt.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHAPTER I

Ch. I lends itself so admirably to *An Imaginary Trip* to the Congo, hence we suggest this effective, though much-used Method. (Imaginary trips have some advantages—requiring no full pocketbook, no new wardrobe, no vaccination, no seasickness, etc.) Have a quick Map Study, locating things in Africa the group wishes to visit; also the deserts, mountains, lakes, cities, etc. Use pictures of the people, their homes, animals, etc. to illustrate what you see in your imaginary saunter with Mrs. Kellersberger.

How many of the fears and superstitions of the Congolaise can you match with similar superstitions in the U.S.A.

Read *Consider Africa*, Ch. I; and *Out of Africa*, Ch. I & II, for additional material on Ch. I.

SUGGESTIONS—CHAPTER II

A Kaleidoscopic View of The Cross on the Land. On a Poster or blackboard sketch a large "Kaleidoscopic Map" similar to the accompanying ink sketch. Instead of shading the divisions, use 4 colors: Red for Past Crosses; Yellow for Passing Crosses; Green for Present Crosses; Purple for Future Crosses.

Assign this Chapter to four women, asking each to discuss one division as she points out her topics on the Map-Poster. Be sure the meaning and symbolism of the Kaleidoscope is understood by all. (A large sketch of the Congo might be used instead of the map of Africa).

Read in a History or Encyclopedia a more detailed History of the Congo for the topic "Political Despotism" (Text, p. 55). *Consider Africa*, pp. 96-98; and *Out of Africa*, Ch. III, tell about the History. What is the significance of these dates: 1877? 1885? 1908? Did any in your group sign petitions against atrocities committed in the Congo in the early 20th century?

Debate or Discussion (Suggested in *How to Use*, p. 46) Resolved that the European nations in ruling Africa have lived up to the ideal that "To rule is to serve." (See p. 56 of textbook).

Prescription suggested for those who say they "do not believe in Foreign Missions": Ask them if they would want the Congo cure for an abscess; for a pain in the hips; for sleeping sickness, etc. (Text, p. 69).

Research Question. Which Crosses on the Land are imminent in our denominational African missions today?

THE SOUTHERN CROSS

Night falls upon the southern world
Hushed darkness bringing fear and dread
Till lo! the Southern Cross gleams forth
And beauty-loving souls are fed.
Night dwells within the human heart
Bleak darkness, filled with sin and strife
Till lo! the Cross of Christ shines forth
And upward-turning hearts find life.

Edith B. Swigart in Women and Missions.

Sudan Crosses

By RIED F. SHIELDS, D.D., Khartum, the Sudan

PAST CROSSES—FUTURE DANGERS IN THE SUDAN

I have seen, in a deserted place on the east bank of the Blue Nile south of Khartum, stones which some curious traveller had dug out of numerous mounds where potsherds and fragments of thin bricks indicate there was once a city. Among these stones are capitals of columns which bear a cross. How pitiful to see these mounds—the ruins of long forgotten churches of the Sudan. In some villages of the Blue Nile area—Mohammedan villages where no Christian voice has ever been heard—the doors of the little mud houses are marked in yellow clay with a sign of the cross, an emblem which has become a customary though entirely meaningless decoration. There is a district where the women take a baby to the river on its eighth day and baptize it, singing a song of which the origin and meaning are entirely forgotten.

The Cross was once established in the Sudan. But that establishment is past, long past. And if we know why it failed, we need only know that instead of lifting the heavy crosses which bore down the people of the interior of Africa, the priests of the church shared in the profits which these evil burdens procured. Crosses beautifully carved in granite or crudely drawn with clay, jewelled crosses adorning the persons of Christian votaries, all devoid of meaning or witness as a sym-

bol of the love of men which The Cross typifies.

SLAVERY

And some other crosses of an older day . . . they are not merely a memory. Their shadows are still on the land. Omudrman is the great Arabic city of the Moslem Sudan. It was the capital of the Dervish kingdom. But here one sees people from almost every tribe of central Africa. Some, indeed, have come recently — young Africa "on trek" to newer things and a wider world. But most are the fruits of that greatest cross which the old Africa had to bear—human slavery. The remnants are still here . . . mostly women, old women, stooped, with practically no clothes to cover their emaciated bodies, shuffling their calloused feet through the hot sand, their sparse kinky hair now white, their cheeks sunken over toothless gums, the expression of their eyes revealing untaught minds, bare breasts now flaccid which once nourished stalwart sons carried off long since to other lands, and comely daughters whose life the mother could well picture though their whereabouts are quite unknown.

As I write this, an old friend is dying. She does not know her age. She does not know where she came from, except in a very general way. She knows nothing of her people except one brother who accompanied her into slavery. But she remembers the attack of raiders;

the confusion; the capture; the thongs; the long march over waterless plain and burning desert; the years of toil in Egypt. For nearly twenty years I have known her. She has been all that time an old, old woman, dependent upon charity. She has one possession which to her is absolutely priceless. It is a certificate of manumission signed many



An old woman of the Sudan whose face bears the marks of the crosses she has borne.

years ago by the Khedive of Egypt. And for all the years I have known her she has had an obsession, a mania that people are trying to take away her guarantee of freedom and force her again into slavery. Even her long years of Christian faith; even the years of the gracious friendship of the late Mrs. Giffen; even the voluntary contributions of the Church to her maintainance could not obliterate the memory of darker days of the inhuman treatment and toil and anguish and sorrow of her slavery. When we multiply her by the tens and scores and

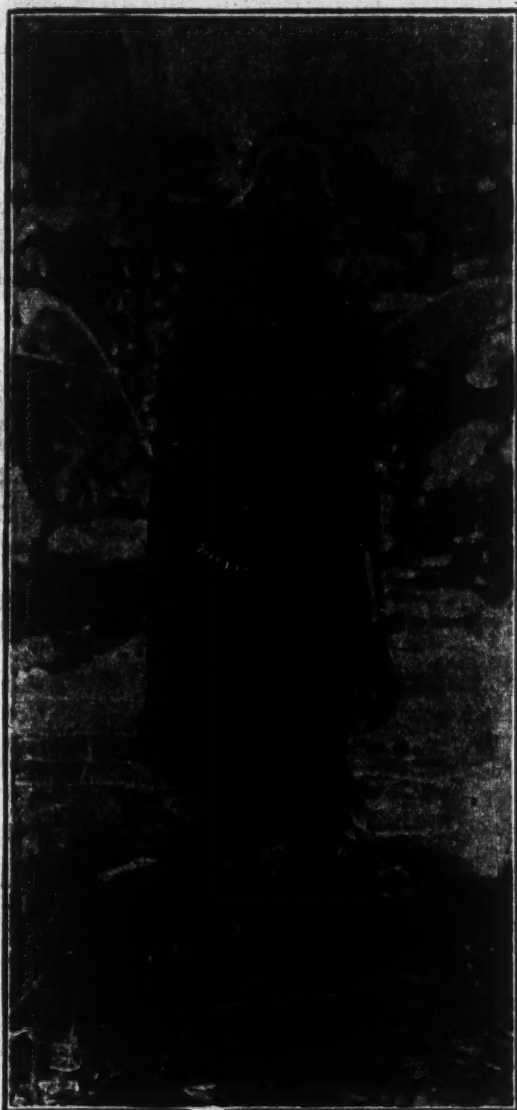
hundreds of thousands of women and girls who through centuries were carried from The Sudan into all parts of the Near East we begin to know what human slavery was.

Yes, the slave trade laid upon the women of the interior Sudan a cross of physical and mental suffering which we freemen will never know—and that in a day that is only passing. Even in a generation still active amongst us. Happily in the Sudan the slave trade is definitely a thing of the past. There are still some domestic slaves who prefer to remain with their masters rather than compete outside with a world for which they are so ill prepared. There are some few attempts uncovered to take slaves to Arabia under the pretext of a pilgrimage to Mecca. There are occasional raids along the border by tribes from outside the Sudan. Near Abyssinia you will still see the Anuak villages surrounded by a high, wooden stockade and a moat to aid in repulsing the attacks of raiders. But these are increasingly rare.

CLIMATE

Another cross which bore heavily upon the people of the South Sudan was due to a rigorous climate and the difficulties of travel. The country is divided amongst numerous tribes and subdivisions of tribes. Their origin is lost in the darkness of a past which knew no way of writing and made no monuments. But tribal traditions and folklore, together with ethnological investigations have in some degree bridged this gap. And we know that various migrations have been caused by

famine and by flood, by war and epidemic disease and pestilence which took great toll of life and forced remnants into wandering off in search of a new home. In these situations the women and children



Na Doin, a young Christian girl of Nasir, the Sudan.

were the greatest sufferers, for women hold more tenaciously to the old home than do men and during any deprivation they seem always to be more extremely deprived.

But this cross, too, is past. True the climate has not greatly changed—at least it is still oftentimes severe and drought and flood seem to suc-

ceed each other with distressing frequency. There is still jealousy and cattle-greed and traditional enmity which lead to intertribal war. But these calamities are now measured against a government which is really concerned for the welfare of the people. Steamboats and trains and automobiles now bring food to districts which are hungry. Wars and feuds are held in check. Doctors and nurses are scattered throughout all the land to minister to the sick and to give both curative and prophylactic injections to man and to his cattle. Better agricultural habits are being taught—and all too slowly followed. The findings of the laboratories and clinics of all the world are being brought to bear on the problems of elimination of the causes of the fevers and diseases which flourish in this long neglected tropical land.

THE OLD GOVERNMENT

Still another cross may be labelled "past." The cross of tyrannous government. The Sudanese bore it for so long. A government of misrule, and cruel oppression, and extortion, and enslavement. In contrast, they now know peace and justice and benevolent paternalism. Let us not regret that it is not democracy where democracy would be fatal. It still operates as far as possible through old tribal institutions and laws and administers through the native chiefs. And most important to us, it seeks to educate the youth through the channels of Christian Mission schools. Yes, that old cross is lifted from their backs and instead is being lifted before their eyes THE CROSS.

Let us who are the friends of the women of the pagan Sudan be devoutly thankful that they have been rescued from these pits. And let us continue to pray earnestly that the Sudanese will not fall into other, more modern snares. Crosses they still have to bear—present crosses of suffering of which you will hear more. And there are also dangers of the future.

DANGERS IN THE NEW ORDER

There is the danger of too fast transition from the old culture to the new. Can it be too fast? Yes, surely, for where liberty was notoriously absent its coming is most certainly to be interpreted as license.

There is a danger in the very generosity of the government, a tendency to depend upon the government rather than to advance by their own efforts and labor . . . a tendency to be confirmed in their laziness. And with this is a grave danger in education. Universal education is still some generations ahead. Can the few young men and women who will now be chosen for this boon be *educated for* their people and not *away from* them, be taught in broader ways of life and yet not be detribalized; be made strong leaders of the Sudanese and not weak followers of the West; be trained to labor which will lift their people from their centuries-old habits of idleness and poverty and degradation and not to a mere expectation of a job with government or trader? Can the girls be taught the making of better Sudanese homes rather than a superficial

mimicry of European women and a ruinous dissatisfaction with their own milieu?

SPIRITUAL DANGERS

There are dangers more directly spiritual. With the opening of the entire country to easy penetration, with modern means of transport, with guarantee of safe conduct the land is open to the trader. He may be of Christian race, but he is too often of un-Christian character. Usually he is an Arab, and he is always a Mohammedan propagandist. Men who have served in the army and have thus become Moslems or men who have been employed in the northern cities return to their native villages with a veneer of civilization and a smattering of their false religion which is sufficient to form an unrighteous leaven. Though the Sudan government has lately adopted a policy of halting the spread of Islam among the pagans, never-the-less Islam is reaching out, ever reaching out eager hands to capture new areas, new tribes. And while the Evangelical missions halt and lag, the Roman Church is pushing forward in a missionary campaign unprecedented in Africa, a campaign which increases the difficulty of teaching Scriptural truth.

As the Church plants the Cross of Jesus again in the Sudan, may it be by such self-sacrifice and love for the pagan tribes as will insure its permanence and will deliver them, from the burdens of the present and save them from these dangers which threaten the future.

Ethiopian Crosses

By RUTH LOBAUGH WALKER, on Furlough, Washington, D. C.

ALL morning there had been a steady downpour, clouds low hanging and only the nearest trees and tukls visible. All out of doors was rain-soaked and the two American women indoors felt the chill of their stone-floored, thatched-roof dwelling. A late lunch was on the table for the nurse had just come in from her duties in the clinic and the teacher had closed the morning school session.

There was a timid tap at the door, and in answer to our invitation to enter, an old lady came slipping in to the room carefully closing the door after her. She asked if we were quite alone, looked about the room, went to the door and peeped out, and then satisfied that she was not going to be overheard she poured out her heart in anguish for a small slave child who was being brutally mistreated at the home of a neighbor. She begged us to keep it a secret that she had dared come to us for help, for she feared the wrath of the mistress of the little slave girl. A fire of unknown origin could so easily wipe out all her possessions and those of her son, and leave them homeless, and it isn't always easy for old age to find comfort and the necessities of life in countries where Christ has not entered into the hearts of the people.

Lunch was forgotten as we gathered up boots and raincoats and stout walking sticks. The path led up the hill back of our house where even bare-foot Ethiopians had dif-

ficulty and there on the veranda was hanging this little twelve year old slave girl, the toes of her iron shackled feet barely touching the ground, and her bound hands over her head, tightly secured to the rafters. She had been hanging there since dawn when the mistress left her after ordering her daughter-in-law to see that she was not released until her return.

It took but a minute to see that the ropes were cut and the cold, stiff little body was carried carefully into the hut and laid by the fire. We rubbed her limbs to start circulation and bathed her face to remove the blood which had oozed from her lips as she bit them in her struggle to be free of the bonds.

Officers of the law were called and gave permission for the child to be taken to the clinic for treatment and there was some talk of punishment to be meted out to the mistress. But after all, she was only a slave, and has not an owner complete control over her property. It was not long until our little friend was back again at her hard labor, grinding corn on the stone, carrying great earthen jars of water up the slippery hillside and bringing from the forest the unbelievably immense loads of firewood.

Ethiopia passed laws some years ago to eradicate slavery, Italy promises to make this a reality. The slave has his freedom! And the Pagan Galla may possess the land he tills and sell his produce without being obliged to give the greater

part to his overlord. The slave may choose his home and occupation and best of all he can come inside the church now if he wishes and listen to the story of the One who died to free us all from the bondage of sin. Once he was obliged to remain out-

erty" and cannot enter in with his master.

PRESENT CROSSES

Much has been written during the past months concerning the climate of Ethiopia. Reporters with the Italian Army mention intolerable heat at times while others with the Ethiopian Army complain of the penetrating cold of Addis Ababa and the surrounding country. But to those of us who have seen the seasons come and go, there is cause for thanksgiving for both kinds of weather.

The rainy season lasting from April until well into October in Western Ethiopia, is a welcome change after weeks of cloudless skies and bright sunlight. Having waded mud and slid over slippery trails for several months; seeing the wash hang for days without drying; finding saddles and shoes and all other leather goods moulded and stores of food growing soggy from a saturated atmosphere; then we are glad for continuous sunshine again.

Log fires indoors during the rains are cheery and camp fires during the dry season are the centers of many an evening of fellowship with one another and with God.

But with the rains always comes sickness. Pneumonia claims many victims each year, especially among the babies and old folks. Typhus takes its toll year by year, neither native nor foreigner being immune. Smallpox still is epidemic in spite of countless vaccinations given in the last few years. Cases of sleeping sickness have been identified and



Menna, an Ethiopian girl brought by way of the Sudan to Egypt about fifty years ago. Placed in school, she received a good education and served in various capacities in Egypt.

side the gate, guarding the mule, or perhaps come as far as the door with his master's gun or shield or Bible on his arm, but there's no one now who can tell him he must miss the Way of Life because he is "prop-

malaria is more prevalent than a few years ago.

With the dry season comes sore eyes, the worse for the dust which has taken the place of the mud of a few months before, and "bogelies," which tiny insect seeks its first opportunity to leave the dust and take up its abode in one's hand or foot.



Hadi Gabri, a Christian woman of Ethiopia

And rich indeed is one who has a safety pin to perform the delicate operation of removing her and the eggs which she has deposited just under the skin.

There are insects, which need no mention to be found in almost every head and upon almost every body and when a foreign woman cuts her hair, her Native sister is likely to sympathize with her, by remarking that they have had to come to it, too, at times.

The list of parasites and pests and plagues is long, and the destruction they cause cannot be imagined

by one who has not seen it. Foundations give way, and floors break through when the white ant has built his little mud tunnel up from the earth; rafters must be replaced when the wood borer and "bombee" have tunneled through and reduced timbers to a mere shell; shoes or sun helmet or other wearing apparel, can be ruined beyond repair in a few hours, all by termites; and young babies in their beds are often attacked by army ants. These last are a curious species, moving in unbroken line over the ground or up the walls into the grass roofs to search for grubs or other food in the thatch. They scatter when coals are thrown on to their trails, but reunite and move on to their destination, shortly. Locusts put in their appearance a few years ago and we've seen small trees bent to the ground under their weight, and gardens and fields of tender young grain devastated by them.

The Peril of Polygamy is perhaps less in evidence in Ethiopia than in other places in Africa, but it is practiced by many. A weaver of our acquaintance married three sisters and all lived together in a single tukl with their families of six little children. And what an unhappy family it was! Quarreling parents and disobedient children; jealous bickering over food and clothing—was it too much to hope that Alemitou the eldest daughter, would respond to the Christian training she had had in school? How often we prayed with and for her and urged her to put her trust in our Heavenly Father, but the call of the

(Continued on page 215)

Suggested Devotional Service

By ELSIE WEHLING FULTON

Central Theme for year beginning April, 1936: CHRIST'S WORK AND OURS

CALL TO DEVOTION FOR JANUARY: WITNESSING

Song: Bible Songs Hymnal No. 75.
Scripture Lesson: Luke 15:3-32.

Leader: Jesus was a worker. He recognized that there was a great constraint to work laid upon Him. In His visit to the temple, at the age of twelve, He said, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" During His ministry He said, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." Also during His ministry, He said, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." At the end of His ministry, He said, "Father, I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do."

"Christ came to seek and to save the lost. This was the greatest mission ever recorded, and this the greatest missionary that ever came to the world. Our Saviour went forth from heaven and came into the world to submit to shame, to endure scourgings and to suffer death, for a race of guilty men, that He might be able to save them from their lost condition."

Poem:

"O Shepherd with the bleeding Feet,
Good Shepherd with the pleading Voice,
What seekest Thou from hill to hill?
Sweet were the valley pastures, sweet
The sound of flocks that bleat their joys,
And eat and drink at will.
Is one worth seeking, when Thou hast of Thine
Ninety and nine?"
"How should I stay My bleeding Feet,
How should I hush My pleading

Voice?

I who chose death and clomb a hill,
Accounting gall and wormwood sweet,
That hundredfold might bud My joys
For love's sake and good will.
I seek My one, for all there bide of Mine
Ninety and nine."

Leader: Not only did Jesus Himself feel the constraint to work, but He laid the same constraint to work upon those who would be His followers. He frequently said, "Come"; "Come unto Me"; "Come, learn of Me"; "Come, follow Me"; but He also very frequently said, "Go"; "Go, tell"; "Go, teach"; "Go, preach"; "Go to thy friends"; "Go ye into all the world."

Jesus calls us that we may go for Him. He teaches us that we may teach for Him. He illumines us that we may shine for Him. He saves us that we may serve for Him.

Answering Jesus' call to "Come" and obeying His command to "Go", we fulfill His purpose for us as expressed in the Scripture text, "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." "The hope of the Church and of the world is in the waking up of the witnessing spirit."

Poem: (*To be followed by Prayer*)

"We wait, O Lord, Thy power to know,
Before we forth to service go,
Or else we serve in vain.
We trust not human thought or might,
Our souls are helpless for the fight,
Until that power we gain."
Song: B.S.H. No. 158.

4000 Pounds of Breakfast Bacon on the Bank

By JULIA LAKE KELLERSBERGER

THE alarm was set for four A.M. for the cool, morning hours in the tropics are the golden hours of the long day. 800 school children on Bibanga hill had been given a holiday to celebrate the great occasion. Boarding school girls, some in blue uniforms with white handkerchiefs on their heads, others in brilliant prints matching the colors of the dawn were giggling with excitement and anticipation of the coming feast. They set out along the dewy trail leading to this strange picnic ground with bowls of cassava pudding balanced on their heads, their hands free for gesticulating as they waved to friends and sang, as only they can sing, along the path. Crowds of small, brown boys took short cuts through the palms, hoping to beat the girls to the feast. Teachers and prospective evangelists, casting aside all dignity, came next, brandishing long knives and sticks in their hands, and balancing long poles on their shoulders. Had there not been an absence of war paint and feathers, one might have thought that they were a band of warriors hot on the trail of blood. Strange to say, *That was exactly their business* on this beautiful, innocent looking morning in Central Africa. Following close behind, came the "Chariots," rough carts on four wheels drawn and pushed by human horses, perspiration streaming down their faces as the sun beamed hotter and hotter and the hills climbed higher and higher. Bringing up the rear ranks was the missionary Ford,

which had served her mistress so faithfully for the past five years. She scampered like a jack rabbit over the first few miles of the so-called, machine road, sending scrawny chickens, with palpitation of the heart, into the bush, fat, little pigs, squealing to their indignant mothers, and innumerable goats and sheep into a huddle, to discuss what it was all about.

Soon she herself took off into the bush, for her destination was the river bank where 4000 pounds of Congo breakfast bacon lay waiting to be sliced. Unfortunately the beaten track did not lead to that delectable spot. As if the savory odor of so much ripe meat waiting to be divided urged her on, she straddled ditches, plunged over rocks, climbed out of holes, crushed down tropical underbrush thus blazing a new trail over which soon followed the native population of all the surrounding villages, amazed at the prowess of this new "bush creature" who carried human beings in her internal workings and obeyed their every wish.

There came a time, however, when even the Ford had to stop, for the grass grew taller and taller and the descending slope to the river became steeper and steeper. The inmates scrambled out, with sun helmets, water jugs and lunch boxes, for they had foresight enough to realize that this particular brand of Congo bacon, might not tempt their appetites. They slipped and slid over the slick downward trail, cutting spirals of knifeblade grass

scratching their faces and hands as they plunged through, unmindful of such minor discomforts, when the coveted goal lay just ahead. The slash of axes into the thick hides of the two huge carcasses echoed on the opposite bank of the pregnant river, as she flowed sluggishly to the sea, filled with monstrous creatures more fortunate than their dead companions. Gleaming white tusks stuck out of the muddy water while glassy eyes stared up into the glassy sky. As if cutting down forest trees, the axmen went to work hacking and sawing. The proverbial operation of the quack doctor was performed again, for miles (?) of link sausage were drawn out of the monster's internal workings plus mountains of grass, enough to make several hay mows for their lesser cousins to enjoy. Two-hundred pound hams were chopped off without apology to the owners thereof,

and chunks of meat enough to make hot dogs and hamburgers for all the village. All that heavily-laden picnic sand table lacked were onions and mustard. The white visitors lost their appetite not only for hot dogs and weiners, but for the contents of their own lunch baskets. They had seen, heard and smelled enough. All that lacked was a taste. Leaving their native friends to literally "bring home the bacon" on their long poles and in their huge carts, they retraced their "hot" trail homeward bound

The killing of these two hippos by Mr. King meant nourishment for impoverished bodies, with renewed strength for daily tasks.

May these people be just as hungry for righteousness as they were for the 4000 pounds of bacon on the bank—that they might be truly filled and never hunger again.

ETHIOPIAN CROSSES

(Continued from page 212)

world was strong and she drifted away into the life of sin. What future is there for this family of girls and many others like them? Only the Christ who uplifts and honors womanhood can bring peace and joy into the lives of these little ones.

The doubtful benefits of civilization are being reaped in Ethiopia as in other African countries. Crude stills are constructed of bamboo and bees-wax and a cheaper though no less deadly drink can be produced than that sold in bottles by traders who have penetrated almost every Province. Gambling has been introduced, and card games and rou-

lette wheels entice the impressionable Native.

Can one of the Perils of Today be that of an infant church left prey to doubts and fears and danger of adopting pagan rites and beliefs into their doctrine? Already missionaries of two nationalities have been asked to withdraw, one of these the pioneer Mission to Ethiopia more than sixty years ago. God grant that every believer will be a witnessing Christian and that this Infant Church in Ethiopia will be the means of evangelizing the entire Nation.

Ourselves And Africa

By MRS. E. D. McKUNE

(*Hostess busy in room. Knock. Hostess admits woman.*)

HOSTESS: Good morning, Mrs.—. Come in, please.

VISITOR: Oh, I haven't time to stay, but I shall come in a few minutes. (*Drops in chair*) I stopped to ask you to come to missionary meeting tomorrow afternoon.

HOSTESS: Really, I can't. I'm not in the least interested in missions. I think there are too many local affairs to see to—Red Cross, Ladies' Aid, and others. There is too much to do at home.

VISITOR: Oh, I'm glad you are interested in local affairs. Why, our town needs everybody's help. We must all do personal work, but we shouldn't become so much interested in our own corner that we forget the rest of the world. Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world." This year we are studying Africa—the part called the Belgian Congo. And we shall have side-lights on our own fields in Sudan and Ethiopia, too.

HOSTESS: Africa! Every time I hear that word I can think of nothing but Sphinx.

VISITOR: Yes, of course. The Sphinx is in Africa—in Egypt—but there are so many people in Africa! After all, people are the most interesting thing in the world.

HOSTESS: Africa is nothing but a mass of Negroes and we have plenty here to start on. The United States is full of them.

VISITOR: Yes, there are 12,000,000 Negroes in the United States, but they are lifted to the highest level of any Negroes in the world.

HOSTESS: Why don't we send them to Africa to be educated with

their own kind? It's no white man's job!

VISITOR: But it is the white man's job. The white man brought them here. White men go there for commerce and trade. White men go there to exploit native people. In the diamond mines of South Africa . . .

HOSTESS: (*Interrupting*) Talking about diamonds reminds me that I took mine down to have it set in white gold.

VISITOR: I know a missionary who said she couldn't wear a diamond engagement ring, so her fiance gave her a topaz ring.

HOSTESS: Why not? I just love mine.

VISITOR: She said the life of the miners at Kimberley was so terrible she knew she would see them every time she looked at a diamond. Oh, if you only knew the terrible living conditions of those poor Negro laborers. It took white men 2,000 years to bridge the chasm from tribal life to our present civilization—but the poor Negro miner is forced to make the leap in one day.

HOSTESS: How is that?

VISITOR: From the deepest African forests, they were forced to work in the diamond compounds. Most of them never saw their native kraals afterwards.

HOSTESS: Kraals? What are they?

VISITOR: Native pointed-roofed huts, built usually in villages. The poor Negroes, away from these kraals are a great opportunity for the missionary. They are homesick and willing to hear the word of God after coming in from the diamond mines.

HOSTESS: (*Disgustedly*) I can't help it! My diamond is all I have, or ever expect to have, that comes from Africa.

VISITOR: I thought you had your diamond set in gold. Sixty per cent comes from Africa.

HOSTESS: I thought all gold came from the United States—Colorado or California.

VISITOR: That's because you haven't read of Africa. Why at that great mine at Johannesburg there is a long ridge of gold, and a mine that reaches more than a mile below the surface of the earth. Sixty per cent of the world's gold comes from there.

HOSTESS: Did having my ring reset start all this talk about Africa? Let's talk about something more interesting. Haven't we had a wet spring? I need a raincoat, but they seem so expensive.

VISITOR: Oh, a raincoat! They will be cheaper sometime. After our missionaries educate the Africans and teach them improved methods of producing rubber, America should feel the effect. Mr. Firestone has a big rubber plantation in Liberia. Africa's increased production will cheapen rubber products.

HOSTESS: That's fine, for our car needs new tires—such a great expense. (*Sighs*) Maybe with the money we save on tires (*rather sarcastically*) when your cheap tires are a reality—we can have the piano repaired. One of the keys needs a new top. Now don't you dare tell me it will have to be shipped from Africa.

VISITOR: (*Laughing*) Ivory? Why certainly. The Congo River Valley has elephants. Any geography will show you pictures of natives carrying tusks to the seashore. Our text book is

"Congo Crosses" this year. The Congo is in the very heart of ivory production. "Congo Crosses" is such an interesting book. It tells all about the progress of Christianity in Africa. But I guess you are not enough interested in Africa to care about Christianizing it. But tell me, do you clean your piano keys with ammonia?

HOSTESS: Yes, I do.

VISITOR: It comes from Africa. From Ethiopia, I am told.

HOSTESS: Well, I never thought of that. (*Disgustedly*) You seem so full of Africa. (*Turns head away a moment*) Have you finished your housecleaning? (*Visitor nods—yes*) Just see how this furniture needs retouching. Can you recommend a good varnish that I can put on myself?

VISITOR: I see your piano is checked. Our American made varnishes check so badly. Good varnish must have sufficient copal, which by the way, is imported from Africa. Without enough copal the paint will either check or become sticky. When the Negro is educated—

HOSTESS: Africa! Africa! (*Almost yells these words*) Everything I say seems to open up that subject. I need (*Pulling at her hair*) a shampoo. Can I wash my hair without going to Africa or having an African help me?

VISITOR: (*Mischievously*) Yes, if you'll promise not to use coconut oil shampoo or palm olive soap. The natives get these things from the forest.

HOSTESS: This begins to sound more interesting. It's like a game trying to find out how much we need Africa because of the things that come from there (*Laughing*) No matter what I say you fit it into Africa. (*Tauntingly*)

I baked a cake today. Is it from Africa? I used sour milk and—

VISITOR: (*Interrupting*) Did you bake it in a tin pan? Tin comes the Belgian Congo.

HOSTESS: At last you are wrong. I baked it in aluminum.

VISITOR: Was it a spice cake?

HOSTESS: (*Nodding*) Yes.

VISITOR: Then you used cloves. They come from Zanzibar on the Indian Ocean. The first slaves brought to America were stolen from Zanzibar by the Dutch. When you use chocolate or cocoa—well that comes from Africa too.

I was just reading about an interesting old King in Africa named Khama. He knew how to make prohibition work.

HOSTESS: Who was King Khama?

VISITOR: King of Bechuanaland—a part of the Union of South Africa, The United States of America has no corner on "U.S.A.," for it fits the Union of South Africa as well.

HOSTESS: But what about Khama?

VISITOR: He was a Negro Christian who died in 1923 at the age of 95. He was converted by Livingstone. When he became king he ordered all drinkers out of his kingdom, but some white English men refused to leave. King Khama went to England to visit Queen Victoria and told her that her white men would not respect his authority. Queen Victoria sent him back with orders to carry out his plans to keep his land dry. A brave, good man, I should say! He was a living monument to Livingstone.

HOSTESS: Livingstone! Yes, I do remember something about him. Wasn't he the man that Stanley of New York went out to find?

VISITOR: Yes, and Livingstone sent back word that he wasn't lost! He had only found himself in

Africa. He was the first white man to see Victoria Falls.

HOSTESS: I never heard of any great falls in Africa. But what do I care about any falls in Africa, when I have seen Niagara—went there on my honeymoon—the biggest falls in the world.

VISITOR: (*Interrupting*) Oh, but Niagara is not! Victoria Falls of the Zambezi River is larger. Three times the volume of water and twice the height of Niagara. The mist of Victoria Falls can be seen for 11 miles. The native name for the Falls is "Smoke that Thunders." Dr. Work, who was invited to go to Addis Ababa in Ethiopia, to inaugurate an educational system, thinks that the native name is much prettier than Victoria. Of course you know we have a mission in Ethiopia at Addis Ababa.

HOSTESS: Is that the only mission station in Africa?

VISITOR: Oh, no! Many denominations have mission stations there. We have missions only in Ethiopia and Sudan among the black Africans. According to our Prayer Cycle which you should use, we have six stations in the Sudan, and three in Ethiopia. Of course we have a good many in Egypt, but, think of it, only nine stations among the millions of people in Black Africa!

HOSTESS: Why aren't there more?

VISITOR: For many reasons. Many people are not interested in just Negroes, for one thing.

HOSTESS: That is hitting me! But you have awakened some interest. It will only take a *little* of my time—I guess that—

VISITOR: "A little." Our Lilliputian heresy. A little meeting, a little time, a little money, always a little—when it isn't a little thing at all. God's kingdom is a big thing.

HOSTESS: I know, but I never thought of it that way before. Maybe I should go. (*Pause*) What shall I bring for lunch?

VISITOR: Nothing. The lunch is up to the hostess. She can serve a whole lunch from Africa if she wants to.

HOSTESS: What?

VISITOR: Coffee—it gets its name from Kaffa in Ethiopia, or olives or dates from Sudan, or perhaps cocoa, figs, grapes, melons—why even onions. They grow along the Nile. But the lunch is not important. It's the missionary education and inspiration that is needed. Africa is so interesting. Our missionary society President said the other day that "Congo Crosses" is so excellent, that it certainly will interest everybody in Missions in Africa—even those not usually found in missionary meetings. I heartily agree with her. We don't happen to have missions in the Congo, but the book will stir our zeal for our own fields. Believe me, the Mohammedans are busy. At el Azhar University in Egypt there are many students studying to be Mohammedan priests. They actually practice brotherhood—but I haven't time to tell of that, for I want to call on some other uninterested women this afternoon. I recall a story in "Congo Crosses" about a girl

—But I *must* go, I haven't time to tell it now.

HOSTESS: (*eagerly*) Oh, take time. Don't stop. I want to hear what the Mohammedans are doing. What is your story?

VISITOR: You'll hear that at the meeting. Forgetting the free lunch you'll get, I don't know of any place where you could get more spiritual food, and get so much education, and still have the joy of helping to spread Christ's kingdom on earth.

HOSTESS: I presume money for missions is well spent, if it does that.

VISITOR: I'll look for you. Bring your interest along to the meeting, and you will get out of it just what you put into it. Good-bye (*leaves*).

HOSTESS: (*In meditation*) What a wealth of knowledge she has gleaned from Africa—a veritable harvest. (*Quoting*) "And whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Adapted from

Woman's Missionary Friend.

[We suggest that "Ourselves and Africa" be used as an "appetizer" in the missionary program. If the "Hostess" and "Visitor" find difficulty in committing this to memory let them become very familiar with the text and *read* it. Editor.]

TO THE AFRICAN

I will not call him black. Black is for death.
This man is living; and God's vital breath
Speaks in the fleeting changes of his face.
Mirth is the native manner of his race;
A ready wit prompts him to facile speech;
Keen sympathy commands a kind outreach.
Beneath the dark skin, blood cells, red like mine,
Impart a vivid glow to features fine
In which love, loyalty and laughter blend.
I will not call him black. He is my friend.

P. H. J. Lerrigo.

Foreign Correspondence

India

MRS. R. R. STEWART, Editor, Rawalpindi, India

RURAL PEACE

There is no peace so great as when
the sun
Sinks behind the blue hills in the
west,
And all the world is hushed, and one
by one
Daytime colours fade, and shadows
rest
Upon the hilltops and the darkening
trees.
There is no time so tranquil and se-
rene
As when a soft and fragrant evening
breeze
Whispers to the palm-trees and the
green
Rice fields.—No quiet can compare
With that which settles on a village
when
Night upon the country throws its
snare.
And yet, in far off cities there are
men
And women, who by gayer things
pursued,
May miss the beauty of this soli-
tude.

—*Padmini Saththianadhan.*



Miss Willa Ramsey who has a namesake The
Willa Ramsey Circle, Duffield, Pa.

FINALLY, BUTTERMILK

By EUPHEMIA Y. STEWART, Campbellpur,
India

It was a hot Sabbath day in June. Our Sabbath school was over by 9 o'clock. The pretty little new cement church was almost filled for the regular preaching service, a row of boys and two rows of young men seated near the front to lead the singing. They had met at the missionary's home Saturday evening to practice together the psalms for the service. Their singing was refreshing.

The church building grew hotter and hotter as India's sun blazed down upon it. New as it is, the little shade-trees planted in the yard cannot yet aspire so high as to protect the building from the direct heat of the sunshine. So the worshipers sweltered. A few little hand-fans fluttered, which gave an idea to a thoughtful old man. He arose from his seat and, with a large fan, four feet long, went up and down the middle isle fanning the congregation. His thoughtfulness was refreshing, as well as the little stir in the air.

The pastor apparently ignored the heat, as he read the fourth chapter of Philippians, choosing for his text the twentieth and twenty-first verses. His own soul had been refreshed before he appeared in his pulpit, for no mere mind could have captured and carried the thoughts of a congregation heavenward as did he that day. The beauty, the fellowship and the glory of that place whose citizens are God's people—how it refreshed our souls to think on these things! But perhaps most impressive of all was his testi-

mony—"My soul rejoices that my citizenship has been transferred to Heaven, whence I look for my Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. He bought my citizenship there with His own blood. When He called me and I answered, He showed me how vile my temper was, how abominable to Him my fighting disposition was, and how He is able to give victory over them. He also forgave my railings against Him." (The pastor was a Mohammedan mullah before he found His Saviour.) This soul-inspiring service closed with a very earnest prayer and the benediction.

Then appeared the last refreshing feature of the day, a feature as pleasing to the people on a day when the thermometer soars, as delicious ice-cream would be to an American crowd. On the verandah of the adjoining reading-room were two large earthen-ware vessels, one containing water and the other buttermilk. The kind old man who had brought them sat near calling, "Lussi peo" (drink buttermilk). He began serving his drink, half water and half buttermilk, and how delighted everyone was! The whole congregation gathered around him, and his buttermilk soon disappeared.

"TELL ME HOW"

By MISS GEORGIA WENGERT, South Sargodha,
India

Walking through a narrow village street, one hot July day, I hugged the mud wall of a courtyard to let pass by, weary donkeys, laden with heavy bags of sand, just as a door in the wall swung open and a young woman stepped out over the hewn log that formed the door sill. She was fair and neatly dressed in delicate colors. A surprised and questioning look came over her face as she hesitated a second or two, and then gracefully passing in front

of me, still more hesitatingly returned my greeting. From her appearance I decided she must be a teacher.

A glance into the court revealed here and there women, some sitting sewing, others before the open fires preparing the morning meal. Several girls in a group were reading aloud from books, or more likely repeating from memory committed Arabic verses or stanzas. Above the door of the room opposite the courtyard gate a white flag lazily moved in the hot breeze. "Shall I enter"? was my first thought. I too, hesitated a few seconds and then passed on down the narrow street to another courtyard, where women listened only half-heartedly; perhaps because of the day, but more likely because my mind kept reverting to the scene of half an hour before.

Again I passed down that narrow street and stood before the open door of the first court. Several voices in concert welcomed me with; "Aiye Miss Sahiba," "come in Miss Sahiba) "Git Parhke sanao," (sing us a song) or with some other cordial greeting. At the same moment I saw my beautiful sister, the first acquaintance of the morning, mount a raised mud platform in the room beneath the flag. Seating herself on a rug facing an open book (the Koran, the Mohammedan's sacred book) on a rack, began reading aloud as she swayed back and forth keeping time to her chanted song.

A cot was placed for me, and the girls closed their books. Some came near and others turned to listen. The women crowded close to hear me sing; "I am thirsty—From whence shall I drink? I am hungry, who will supply my bread? I am weary, from whence cometh my rest? And, I am sinful, who will pardon and give me peace?" And then arose another chorus of voices, "Ek our sanao" (Sing us another), but my promise was another when the lesson was finished. The beau-

tiful young teacher continued to chant and sway, but at times her voice would become almost inaudible and her eyes from beneath her bowed head, would steal a glance in the direction of the group of women. Then with almost a start she would resume her song, with the hope that no one would imagine she was listening.

The lesson finished I began singing:

"Mere dil ko dhowen kaun?
Lahu jo ki Kruz se jari—
Wuh cheshma hai ma'mur—
Dag dil ke karta dur, wuh mu-
jhko hai manzur.
Lahu jo ki kruz se jari",
("What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus")

With this the Koran upon the rack was closed, and the reader arose and came to stand behind the group of seated women. As the last words were finished she said: "It is well you read and sing such simple things for the uneducated women, they would understand nothing else. But for those who are educated like myself—through high school, with English, God has provided deeper things. A Book with depth of meaning that causes even the best of us

to ponder and pray that we may understand it's mysteries." You speak of peace, we too want peace and daily I teach this group of girls to combat their lessons that they may know how to do 'nek kam' (good works) and obtain it."

"Have *you* earned it, my dear sister?" was my question. She then came and seated herself at my feet, looked up into my face with a pathetic look in her eyes, tears in her voice as she said; "It is not my fault, I have tried, but there is always something comes into my heart to mar that joy, when it does come for a little while." And Again, "Do you believe it is possible to at all times have Peace in our hearts? If you do then can you tell me how to obtain it?"

I put a Gospel of John into her hand, knowing that by reading the simple Truth only, would she understand that "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe," and give that "Peace which passeth all understanding."

Pray for the highly educated who have discarded the old religion and are not ready to accept the simple Gospel, which is "able to save to the uttermost."

Egypt

MISS MINNEHAHA FINNEY, Editor, Mansura, Egypt

CHRISTMAS EVE IN BETH-LEHEM

During all my forty years in Egypt and so close to the land where our Lord was born, and lived, and walked, and taught, and healed the sick, and raised the dead, and gave Himself on the cross to save us from sin and eternal death, I have had a desire to spend a Christmas season in Jerusalem and environs.

Last Christmas I made my plans to go and arranged with my good

friend, Miss Mary J. Campbell to stay at her boarding place, the "Beaumont House," which is kept by fine Christian people who make their living in providing a most comfortable residence for paying guests and tourists.

Miss Campbell and I had a delightful ten days together. We had many interesting walks in and out of the old streets of Jerusalem getting into the atmosphere of this wonderful city so full of ancient memories. I had no desire to make

my visit a sight-seeing expedition as I had been in Jerusalem several times before, but never in mid-winter. How fine the air was, so fresh and invigorating, with some of the tang of winter in it.

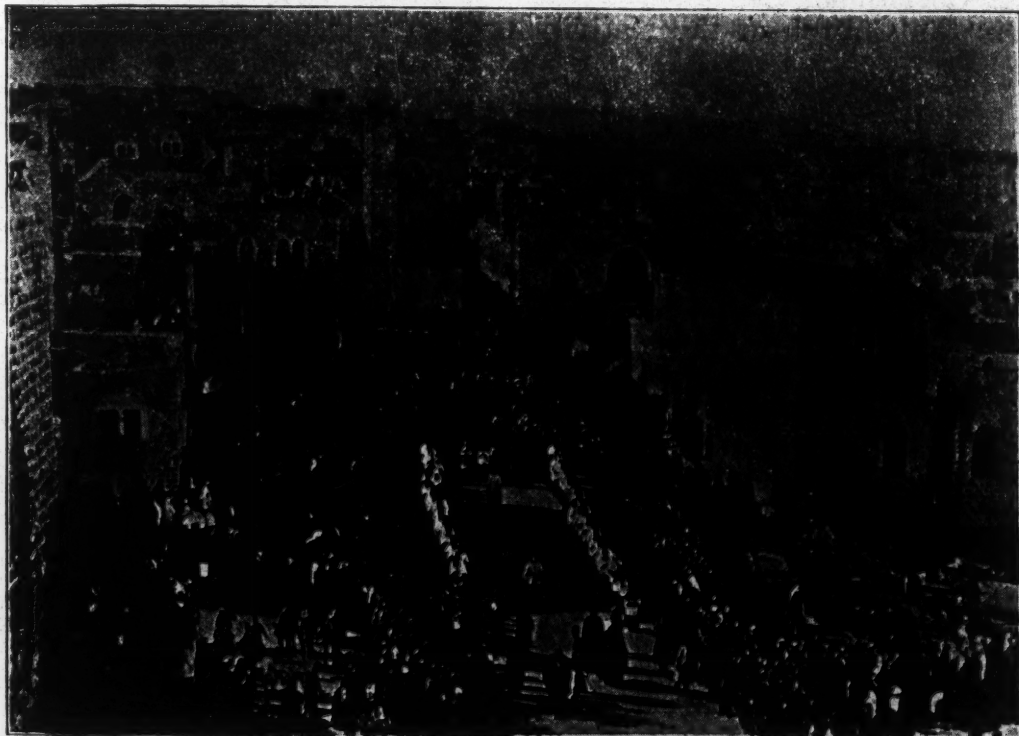
Every day had some special pleasure in it. I, of course, was much interested in Miss Campbell's Temperance work and saw many different phases of it during my stay. Truly, Miss Campbell is about the best known person in Jerusalem and has succeeded in interesting all classes, both foreign and Palestinian in the Temperance Cause.

The Y.M.C.A. in Jerusalem has, I believe, the most beautiful and best equipped Y.M.C.A. building in all the world, the gift of a rich American. It has become a good center for many sorts of Christian activities. One thing that is done is to conduct every year a Christmas Eve excursion over to Bethlehem to the Shepherds' Field.

All of the guests from "Beaumont House" got tickets for this excursion and we with hundreds

of others were conducted in big buses out to the place known as the Shepherds' Field, considered to be the very place where the Shepherds heard the Angels announce the birth of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. There is a large partly shut-in cave in this field said to be the identical place where the shepherds kept their flocks at night. The Y.M.C.A. has purchased this plot of land including the cave, which is only a very short distance out from Bethlehem.

A barbecue supper of roast mutton with native bread was provided for every one who had tickets and then after we all had eaten our "snack" we gathered around a blazing camp-fire, hundreds and hundreds of us from all the many Protestant sects in and about Jerusalem to sing the Christmas Carols. Some good talks were given by ministers of the different churches. Some spoke in English, some in German, some in French and some in Arabic. Even the children had their part. It was certainly cheering to have all the Protestant sects getting



Christmas Eve in Bethlehem

together in this way and on this occasion. The wonderful singing out there under the stars, the earnest prayers, the inspiring talks all made for a spirit of unity.

Then, about nine o'clock after this service in the Shepherds' Field was finished, the crowd scattered and some of us took the opportunity of attending the Christmas Eve Midnight Service in the Latin Catholic Church in Bethlehem which is just beside the Church of the Nativity. This Christmas Eve Midnight Service or Mass, as it is called, was quite a gorgeous ceremony, hours in length. The singing was entrancing and the priests' robes richly embroidered with gold and silver were dazzling, but we got no thrill out of it, perhaps, because not well understood. We did get some amusement out of watching the more important of the numerous priests as they every so often would change from one magnificent robe into another more magnificent. I never imagined that a mere man could so delight in being "dressed up."

The Christmas Eve Service or Mass in the Church of the Nativity

which is famous because it is supposed to be built over the stable where our Lord was born, is not held till January 7th. the Eastern Christmas, but we all got to visit the grotto, the exact spot of the manger and give a contribution for "upkeep."

All the pageantry and pompous exhibitions connected with these Christmas Services in these old Eastern Churches are full of interest, but one wonders how they have ever become a part of a service to commemorate the birth of our lowly Jesus who had no place in which to lay His head. If they do it to honor the name of Him who is Lord of lords and King of kings then who are we to make any objection. Our part is to live our lives daily and hourly to the praise and glory of His name.

May this Christmas season of 1936 bring us all new joy because Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea and because we can claim Him as our Lord and Saviour.

Yours in His Service.

Minnehaha Finney

Mansura, Egypt.

Ethiopia

MRS. BRUCE B. BUCHANAN, Editor, Sayo, Ethiopia
On furlough, Columbus, Ohio

NEWS NOTES FROM ETHIOPIA

Miss Florence White, Pharmacist and Secretary of our Addis Ababa Hospital, underwent an operation in the Assiut Hospital in Egypt, and has now returned to America. We, the members of the Ethiopia Mission, sincerely and deeply regret to learn of this and express our loving sympathy with our colleague who has thus been providentially laid aside. We trust that the Lord may see fit to restore this valuable worker. Mrs. West has written of visiting her and of how exceedingly cheerful and uncomplaining Miss White was. We

rejoice to hear of this attitude but are not surprised, for Miss White has always been a practicing and working Christian, cheerful at all times. Please join us in prayer for her.

The British consul ordered all foreigners to leave Western Ethiopia and was himself evacuating the country.

The Dougherty family came to Egypt and sailed from Alexandria November 18.

The Swedish (Lutheran) missionaries at Nedjo and Nakempte had to leave their respective stations within

four hours' notice. We quote Miss Blair's letter as she had a conversation with Dr. and Mrs. Soderstrom, and also with Miss Soderstrom, R.N.: "They were notified at two A. M. and had to get out by daybreak. Just imagine it! Some fifty-eight patients in the hospital to send away from danger, boarding school boys and girls to send home, besides packing food, cots, tents, clothes—choosing what to take and what to leave. Sixteen, including children as well as adults, left these two stations. Their belongings were packed on some eighty mules and the German (Lutheran) missionaries who were expelled from Aira, had about seventy-five porters. So it was a huge caravan that dropped in on Mr. West as he was alone in Sayo."

While in Sayo, Pastor Nordfeldt had a communion service at Mr. West's request. Fifteen united with the church. One hundred thirty-six partook of the elements and some 200 spectators looked on. This was early in September. As Pastor Nordfeldt had to hurry to Gambella, the service was held on Thursday instead of on Sabbath. Surely the Lord has something rather than defeat in store for such a Church as that in Sayo.

The Soderstroms have no definite plans for the future. They hope to do missionary work in Rhodesia since the Italian Government will not allow either their workers or those of the Hermannsburg (mentioned above) Mission to return to Ethiopia. They hope that we can take over their buildings in Nakempte in case they cannot get back. What an opportunity that would be for us: a splendid thirty-bed hospital, a good schoolhouse, church, and residence and a beautiful compound. We sincerely trust that they can return but humanly speaking it looks very doubtful.

We are glad to say that Ato Mamo and Ato Iyanawu Adal, two of our former school teachers at Sayo, while now employed by the Oromo tem-

porary Government, are still faithful in attending church and in teaching in our Bible school. May the Lord reward such faithfulness to our Saviour.

Obo Gidada, our sterling Ethiopian evangelist (blind) at Sayo is still helping "to hold the fort." He writes: "We miss all of you missionaries who cannot get back to Sayo just now. We keep praying that the Lord may send you back before long. Be sure that we are still working and witnessing for Christ. We want to be found faithful to Him, no matter what comes." Thank God for such Christians as Gidada. Friends, pray that our work in Ethiopia may not only be spared but that in His grace it may grow and expand so that much more Gospel seed can be sown and harvested in that unfortunate but not God-forgotten land of Ethiopia.

THE LIFE OF HADA MAMO

By MISS ELISABETH KLEIN

Miss Elisabeth Klein will be remembered as the loyal little nurse who stood by the Hospital in Sayo until her health compelled her return to Germany. Hada Mamo, of whom she writes was a wonderful Christian, a very zealous one, too. It seemed that I got closer to her than to any other Ethiopian woman. We would visit and joke as two Americans would do. Often she would explain a point in a Bible lesson by giving some incident in her own life. She was my dear friend.

Mrs. Buchanan.

Recently our church in Sayo suffered a great loss in the death of Hada Mamo. The life of this old woman, the mother of Mamo, is very interesting, as it is an example of how the Word of God spreads in this land.

About nine years ago, Mamo, her son, started coming to the Mission compound to visit his friend, Atto Tafara, who was then the mission interpreter and head teacher. Atto Tafara taught Mamo the Bible and encouraged him to come. Mamo took up the reading of the Bible every morning and evening in his home.

He visited the Mission about every two months, as his home was two days' journey away. Mamo's mother listened to the word and made no objections. However, Hada Mamo's grandfather was a witch doctor, and she continued to seek his guidance for her life, although she had been baptized in the Coptic church when she was married. She was sick over eight years and often sought help from the witch doctors.

One day she asked her son Mamo for some money with which to buy clothes. With this money she bought a sheep to sacrifice. When Mamo returned home that evening his mother served meat for the evening meal and Mamo becoming suspicious, asked her where she got the meat. After several excuses she told him the truth and he refused to eat the meat sacrificed to idols. He went out of the house. She followed him, begging him to eat and asked him if things had gone so far that Christ should separate him from her. When he assured her that that was the case she also left the house and said she would not eat the meat. She then cried out, "Oh God, if you are truly God of gods, I believe on you and you alone can make me well." Then she ordered her son to cast the meat out and destroy the hut in which she had sacrificed. This he did with great joy. After this she was very attentive to the reading of the Word and desired greatly to hear more from God. She began to tell her neighbors and friends and even the witch doctor about the Words of life.

Some time later Mamo was given work as a teacher at the Mission and he asked his mother to come with him. For two years she refused to join her son, for she did not want to leave her land and grain. However she made two visits to the Mission and saw how things were carried on and she enjoyed it. Mamo promised to care for her if she would come and live with him.

Five years ago she agreed to come and took a lively interest in the church, becoming a member.

About a year ago she declared she had a vision and that she was appointed of God to go and teach the gospel. So she joined with other women teaching the gospel in the villages near by. She was very faithful in this service and then God called her to greater work.

Six months ago she came and said, "God has called me to go and teach in a far country and even if He desires that I should die, I will go and die for Christ." She borrowed a mule from her son and set out alone for the Amfillo forest two days' journey to the west of here. She was gone for a period of seven weeks, and in that time taught over 7,000 people.

The week before her death she stood up in prayermeeting and said, "I am getting old and tired and can no longer go far, so appoint some man to take up my work so that the Word may be spread to the far villages."

Monday, following the meeting she went to the market and was caught in a bad rainstorm. Tuesday morning Mamo brought her to the hospital. She was suffering from pneumonia. Wednesday night as Mamo sat by her bed she raised herself up and said, "Let us pray." She then prayed, "Lord, we thank Thee for the past, and for the future Thou art our hope. If it is Thy will restore me quickly. But if not, then shorten the time and I am happy to go to Thee. Amen." Mamo remained silent instead of joining in the Amen as is the native custom. Hada Mamo said, "Son, are you doubting my faith?" He replied, "No," and she then told him to say Amen and he did, thus giving assent to her prayer.

God was merciful and answered her prayer quickly, for He called her home the following noon.

Editorial

MRS. JOHN P. WHITE, Editor, 1503 Dormont Ave., So. Hills, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Madonna and Child

We are familiar with the pictures of the Madonna and Child, the conceptions of artists of different ages and in different lands. The picture below is an unusual representation. This is from a mosaic on the walls of the Turkish Museum in Istanbul Turkey.

The history of the building in which this picture is found, the Mosque of Saint Sophia, is of tremendous interest. It was built by the Emperor Justinian and dedicated in 558 A.D. It was a Christian Church for 895 years.

Then something happened. The Moslem armies conquered Turkey and soon the beautiful church became a Mohammedan mosque. How many times its great floor space was crowded with men (not women) facing Mecca, as they listened to a fiery preacher of Islam proclaiming "There is no God but God and Mohammed is the prophet of God"! For nearly five hundred years the muezzin went up to the minaret five times daily and called in piercing and rather musical tones "Come to Prayer! Come to Prayer!"

Then something else happened. The old Moslem rule was overthrown and in 1923 a new regime was established. The Young Turks believed their backward civilization was due to Islam. The Caliphate was abolished, the Mohammedan orders were broken up, religious teaching was banned from schools, foreign as well as Moslem. . Until



Madonna and Child in corridor of the National Museum, Istanbul, Turkey

recently the mosque was still used as a place of worship but now it has been converted into a museum. The interior is undergoing changes but still the mosaic of the Madonna and Child remains.

There is something at this Christmas time that calls for pause and thought. Why should a church of such magnificence have been lost to the Christian world? Was it perhaps because of its magnificence? As one reads back through history and notes the rise of Islam one is humiliated. Had the church remained true to the Master Islam could never have arisen. But the church became corrupt; worship became a mere form of bowing before images; the Bible was not taught to the people and Christianity became empty and ceased to be a living force in the lives of its adherents.

Even though there can be no Christian teaching through the mission schools in Turkey today and though there are many restrictions one still sees that above all the plans of the new Turkey the Christ is looking down on the scene. There is a ray of hope for the church. The Bible is being translated anew and being printed in the Latin alphabet. The new and increasing reading public will read the Book. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light". Again the Light will shine. Some day, if not in the old Justinian church, if not in the grand Saint Sophia mosque, in humbler places of worship, men will come in adoration bringing their gifts to the Christ Child. Some day the new Turkey will acknowledge Jesus Christ as King of kings, for the Word is sure "Yea all kings (and dictators and presidents) shall fall down before Him. All nations shall serve Him."

THE OUTCASTES—WHITHER?

A few excerpts from the Mohammedan Press indicate the great zeal Mohammedans the world over have in the "trek" of the Outcastes.

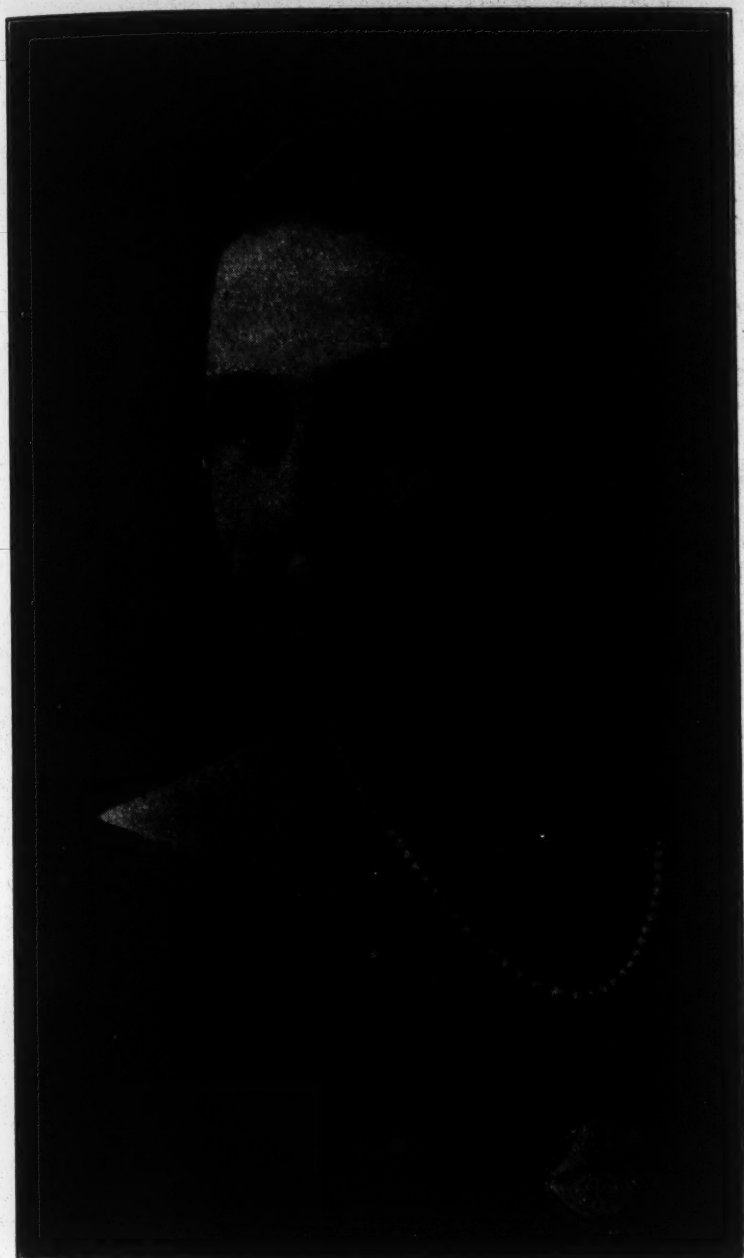
From *Al Ahram* Bombay, July 9: "The Hindus here are much exercised by the news from the village at Karadagh that 300 of the depressed classes joined Islam last Sunday while 300 more intend to follow them in this step."

From *Al Siyasa*: "We are confident that our Muslim brothers in India will do their duty in regard to their countrymen. But we are also sure that Christian evangelistic bodies which penetrate the whole world will redouble their efforts today in India (Would that this were true!). They obtain financial aid from every country in the Christian world in order to bring those who were outcastes into the Christian religion. How can we Muslims be justified before ourselves or before God if we do not speedily and fully rise to our duty in order not to lose this most precious opportunity."

The Sheikh of El Azhar, (the Mohammedan university in Cairo,) suggested sending 'Ulema from the Azhar to India to "spread the doctrines of Islam." A reply came from the head of the "Society for the Defence of Islam" quoted in *Al Ahram*: "It was a noble thought of yours to propose sending an Egyptian mission to India. For Islam in India moves on with hastening footsteps."

"It is very clear to me that a great opportunity is before Islam in India. And it seems as if this opportunity is calling out hitherto undreamed of powers in the Indian Muslim community."

Madame Fahmy Bey Wissa



Madame Fahmy Bey Wissa

Philadelphia and Pittsburgh areas had the pleasure recently of a visit from Madame Fahmy Bey Wissa, an outstanding woman from Egypt. Madame Wissa is a leading Nationalist and an ardent participant in all reform movements. She charmed her hearers as she told of her various activities and as she spoke of our mission schools. She told us she "grew up with Americans."

Madame Wissa is a leader in a number of Reform organizations, as well as in the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A.

She is an outstanding Christian woman who labors for her own land in faith that the time will come when "the Egyptians shall know the Lord."

A CALL TO PRAYER

You are invited to join in a fellowship of prayer the world around on
THE WORLD DAY OF PRAYER, February 12, 1937

Thank Offering Department

EDITED BY MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN,
Thank Offering Secretary

905 Publication Building, 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Fear Not

This was God's message to earth's weary nations
On that first Christmas morn;
"Fear not, for unto you I give a Savior;
This day the Christ is born."

And still the words are ringing down the ages
Above the world's despair;
And here is free and plenteous redemption,
And here is rest from care.

And here is light for those who sit in darkness,
And joy for those who mourn;
And here is peace amid the world's disquiet.
FEAR NOT, THE CHRIST IS BORN.

There is a very cheerful and hopeful thought connected with the story of Jesus' birth. It is in the promise that this good news is to reach all people. "And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." At Christmas time we think of this promise and know that little by little the light of the knowledge of Jesus Christ is reaching the dark places of the world. This blessed Christmas day is yet to dawn for "all people"—all classes, all colors, all nations—even unto the remotest parts of the earth.

As Christmas day draws near we praise God for the angel message: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

His coming was to give light. What the sun is in the material world, that

Christ is to us in the spiritual world. He is the author, the source of light.

"The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin,
The light of the world is Jesus."

The world was dark in sin but God's love was so great that He gave His son to be the Light of the world.

At the birth of Jesus gifts were brought and presented to Him.

Down through the years gifts have been presented at the birthday of the King, but the King whose birthday is being celebrated is forgotten by many. The shop windows are dazzling with red, gold and green lights, which shine on hundreds of gifts, useful and useless.

Many stores count their year's success by the amount of their Christmas sales. Gifts are purchased for the family, for the neighbors, for our friends but what gifts shall we give to the King?

Christmas should be a great time for giving of our means to carry the light of Jesus Christ into the dark places.

I have just read of an artist who was asked to paint a picture of a decaying church. To the astonishment of many, instead of putting on canvas an old, tottering ruin, the artist painted a stately edifice of modern grandeur. Through the open portals could be seen the richly carved pulpit, the magnificent organ and beautiful stained windows. Within the great entrance was an offering plate of elaborate design for the offerings of the worshipers. But—and here the artist's idea of a decaying church was made known—right above the offering plate there hung a square box bearing the legend, "Foreign Missions," and right over the slot through which contributions ought to have gone he had painted a huge cobweb. They had ceased to give gifts for the King, and the church was decaying. We must give or die. Only by giving do we live. Christ is the Christmas giver. Many of the richest and sweetest joys human hearts can experience were born into the world on the day of Christ's birth. May all keep Christ in Christmas and rejoice that we know Him as our Savior.

CHRISTMAS WORSHIP

In humble stall the Savior lay
While shepherds adoration pay.
Shall we not come and worship, too,
The Christ to whom all praise is due?

And wise men from the East have
come

In reverence to the sacred home.
Shall we not yield him service true,
His will to seek, his work to do?

From stable-door to cross-crowned
hill

He went, God's purpose to fulfill.
Shall we not yield him service true,
His will to seek, his work to do?

O Christ of God, I would enthrone
Thee as my Lord and Thee alone;
Unto thy servant now impart
A willing mind, a loyal heart!

F. S. Shepard.

THE 1936 THANK OFFERING

This is the last month of our Thank Offering year. Very soon the treasurers of the presbyterials will send to the General Treasurer the amount of the Thank Offerings of the societies.

Last year several presbyterials lost their place on the Honor Roll by one or more societies failing to send their money before the year closed.

Forward to your treasurer the offerings as soon as possible that she in turn can remit to the General treasurer before December 31, 1936.

PRESBYTERIAL HONOR ROLL

To have a place on the Thank Offering Honor Roll three things are essential:

First—A Thank Offering from every society.

Second—A report of same sent to the Presbyterial Thank Offering Secretary.

Third—A complete report from the Presbyterial Thank Offering Secretary sent on time to the General Thank Offering Secretary.

COME NEAR AND BRING THANK OFFERINGS

What a gracious invitation is this!

Not to stand afar off, offering gifts to a vague, dim, distant being, but to come close to a living, loving God, who knows us, and invites and welcomes us to Himself. "Come near," and you will see better how much cause you have for thanksgiving and thank offering. For with the realization of the Master's near presence comes the sense of ill-desert, and then the overwhelming thought of forgiven sin and assured salvation.

Surely no cause for gratitude to God can ever exceed this to a human being.

Nearness to our God brings, too, the consciousness that to Him we owe every good thing that blesses our lives. "He crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies." Oh, "forget not all His benefits!" But before the invitation to draw near, are the words, "Now ye have consecrated yourselves unto the Lord." Have we really done this?

We go back to the giving of the people of God in that olden time, and we find that we cannot much depart from the principles which were laid down then for acceptable offerings to God, if we would offer our gifts aright now. So there must be a giving of *self*—of the heart and the life

—or the offering will be but a mockery.

One noteworthy command was given by God to the Jews concerning one kind of offering—"Neither shalt thou suffer the salt of the covenant of thy God to be lacking in thy offering." It was ever to be kept pure and true by the remembrance of the covenant between God and His people—the Everlasting Covenant which embraces and blesses us also. As God's own children—brought by the "New Testament in Christ's blood" into closer relationship to Him than to the Jews could ever know—we are to come near, in the full joy and blessing of that *covenant*, and bring our thank offerings, for all the wonderful riches of His grace toward us.—*Selected.*

THE BEST FOR AFRICA

At a meeting of the Christian Students' Federation in Canada where Aggrey was speaking a Moslem student asked that the word "Christian" be deleted from the name of the organization. The following was Aggrey's answer, as given by Edwin Smith in "Aggrey."

"Islam is not good enough for my people—only the best is good enough for Africa. If you can show me a bridge, a hospital raised by disciples of Mohammed or Confucius in my country; if you can tell me the name of a missionary from China or Turkey who has died for my people, then I will place my hand over my mouth and accept the deletion of the name Christian from the Federation. I put my hands over my eyes and I see Africa from north to south, from east to west and I see bridges and hospitals and schools and thousands of men and women living a new life. And all that comes from Christ. I see Livingstone and Coillard and Mary Slessor and hundreds more—I

see—yes I actually see a young woman who lost her husband and her children there, and she is returning to work for my people. (The audience had asked Mrs. Aggrey to sing 'There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight') Mr. Aggrey said 'No let us not sing that. The Africans can sing you know and some day there will be a great assembly of all nations. The Africans will be there as the choir and they will all sing 'All Hail the power of Jesus Name—' Let us sing it now, and the audience leaped to its feet and sang that blessed hymn."

Yes we look at the Crosses on the Land of Africa—the sorrows, the suffering, the fear, the sickness and we say with Aggrey "Nothing but the best is good enough for Africa."

Animism is not good enough. Western civilization is not good enough; Islam is not good enough. Nothing and no one but Christ Himself is good enough for Africa.

Young Women's Department *including* Girls' Circles

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,
MISS IDA B. LITTLE,

1503 Dormont Ave., So. Hills Br., Pittsburgh, Pa.

AIMS—1. To have a Circle or a Y. W. Society in every congregation.

2. To give loyal support to each of the Seven Departments.

3. To so increase the Special Fund as to include an object in Egypt.

A Thought to Ponder—"Vision without service makes a visionary who loses the vision; service without the vision makes a slave who loses the power of service."

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORK

Support of Girls' Boarding School, Pasrur, India, \$4,350. Salaries—Home—Matron of Dormitory, Frenchburg, Ky.; Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R. N., Superintendent of Jubilee Hospital, Henderson, N. C.; Miss Sallie E. Dickey, Gary, Indiana, \$2,680; Foreign—Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker, Gore, Ethiopia; Miss Mary Cole, Khartum North, Sudan, \$1,600. Total askings, \$8,630.

RECRUITS

Every worthy cause welcomes new interest attracted by its success. The missionary society is no exception in this matter. We are happy to introduce to you two new organizations—as follows:

San Francisco Presbyterian—Easton Emma Brooks Circle, Pres., Leola Carson.

Spokane—Spirit Lake, Idaho, YWMS—15 members—Pres., Lorraine Cartwright.

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL

October, 1936, shows a real trend upward, approaching the record of 1930. The following figures represent the money returns for October reports—1930 and 1936 inclusive: \$453.60, \$299.30, \$286, \$246, \$256, \$273, \$319. Will you not plan to begin payment to this fund early in the year—it helps to keep salaries paid up and other obligations are thus met.

Perhaps it might be well to give the state of the fund November 1. It was \$605.00. Just \$8,025 to go to reach the goal! Can the Department reach this goal? It can if it will.

WILLINGNESS TO SERVE

We have just passed through a stormy presidential, national and states' election. Candidates for

the many offices were so numerous and the parties so many that they all but defeated the efficiency of automatic voting machines, these not having an unlimited number of levers to accommodate so many parties and their satellites.

One thing is evident—there is no dearth of people willing to serve in public office! Long and vociferous oratory declared the intentions of these willing servants. But one wonder was in mind—why those who could not reasonably hope to make even a dent on the voting public should take up the time and thought of any American citizen on unsuitable or un-American issues? Perhaps the cherished freedom of America would not permit the ambitions of any man to be curtailed or prevented, but his loyalty to his country should lead the ambitious to not confuse issues or clutter up orderly process for selfish ends.

Another wonder arises—why such a centering of interest in one type of service—political? Opportunity for service in America is legion. Why is there not the turning toward other service? It may be true that among these candidates there were many who have sworn allegiance to Jesus Christ and His Church. When they give their hearts to Christ, they promised to serve Him—whether in high or lowly service. What a boon

it would be to the church if its membership were willing to serve Christ constructively according to ability!

One difficulty faced in missionary society work is the unwillingness to accept responsibility in some special service. This attitude is not general but it does exist. Frequently the absence of a Junior society in a congregation is explained by the failure to find a leader. No one is willing to thus serve. It is also attested that some high school girls are denied a society because no one is willing to serve as sponsor. It is also hinted that sometimes cold water is thrown on the aspirations of young blood desiring to serve in a missionary society capacity. How? By the older members stating the common excuse of *no time* because of school or other community obligations. Would you not think that any Christian woman would hail with delight the expression of altruistic desire on the part of young people? Should not every mother lend special encouragement to the young members of the family that have a delight in serving Christ in the Church?

If the membership of the Church manifested interest in Kingdom matters as aspiring office-holders do in politics, and were as willing to spend time, effort and money in order to serve the Church as are those who wish to be awarded office in city, state, or nation, what an impact would be made on the conscience and heart of America! The Church could then move forward in its local work and in its missionary aspirations. It would come into its own!

"IT HAS BEEN TRIED"

SOCIETY PROGRAMS

The Dora B. Whitely Society of Canonsburg church has a very unique program calendar, a blue and white "accordion fold" style. Perhaps you have received one of the Prayer brochures. This program is similar to it in form. Every fold holds one or

more programs or a list of officers or committees. The folder may serve as a bookmark and will slip easily into a pocketbook.

Several features occur during the year: Birthday Meeting, Mothers and Daughters, Garden Party, etc. Other missionary topics will be discussed.

Sixth Pittsburgh YWMS convenes at 10:30 A. M. on most of its meeting days. Until noon, some work is performed, sewing in particular. A committee is responsible for luncheon preparation. At 1:30 P. M. the program for the day comes. According to the roll found at the back of the year book, there are 155 members. A second roll follows, headed by the title, Young Women's Club. Twenty of the forty-seven members appear on the former roll. This group participates in at least one meeting of the missionary society during the year. It might be mentioned that three dinner meetings are held, so you can see that good times are in store for this society.

THE COMRADE PLAN

From an exchange, *Woman's Missionary Friend*, comes the Comrade Plan. It works something like this: Every older woman in the missionary society is to seek a younger woman to be her *comrade in service*, either on the roll as an active member or on the extension list. It is implied that such as accept the invitation will share in the financial support of the work—enthusiasm arising from knowledge gained from study and programs. *Personal interest* is conceded as a most effective plan, none better. Cooperating with people of similar interest develops unadulterated friendship. "Missionary enthusiasm is caught from persons we like and respect."

In the plan of work in our own General Society, it might be well to vary the above plan to take care of our several divisions. It seems that

the plan as worked out by our sisters must refer to one society in a congregation. However, it might be modified by having one society become interested in another society in the congregation. Too often societies in a congregation are rivals rather than comrades. Rare fellowship might be established in a congregation by the members of the several societies being linked as "comrades in service," each society maintaining its identity as to personnel and work. Too often younger persons in the church receive little encouragement from older women in forming a circle or society. A sponsor may be required and no one is willing to accept responsibility as a helper to the girls.

Think up your own system of comradeship. If a new type be evolved, let us hear all about it.

A RURAL COMMUNITY PLAN

Mrs. R. B. McNary of Eighty Four, Pa., R. D. No. 1, sent in this information: The Emily Clements Circle volunteered to do special baking for one month last summer, any and all families in the church to furnish the customers. Also, friends outside this particular church. A typed card of information was prepared and distributed to each family in the congregation. It noted the different kinds of baked foods available, the prices of same, and the names of those who would take orders. The card holds this invitation: "Housewives, attention! July is the month of vacation! Why not vacation from baking through July and order your pastries each week from?" Mrs. McNary thought some other society might enjoy the plan as much as her girls did, so thought of the pages of this Magazine.

A TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

The following article was prepared by the secretary of the organization celebrating, Mrs. C. S. Dyer: "On Monday, October 12, the Hazel Bennett Circle, a missionary society of the Mt. Lebanon, Pittsburgh, Church, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a turkey dinner in the dining room of the church. The tables were beautifully decorated with fall flowers and autumn leaves. Blue candles in silver holders were placed about the tables.

Many members of former years, eleven of whom were charter members, were present. Real fellowship prevailed. After dinner a short summary of the work accomplished in the twenty-five years was given by Miss Nancy McCormick. Beside special gifts, the Society has given money to the seven departments of work of the Women's General Missionary Society. Thirty-nine members have been made Life-Members and one a Life-Director. Surely "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

The McCown Circle of Mt. Lebanon had this unique invitation to the last meeting: "Paddle your canoe to for Indian Pow-wow, etc." At the close were these words: "Bring quilt patches to send to our Indian Mission." A paper canoe bore the invitation, each girl receiving one. Besides, each was given a simulated totem pole containing items of information. A card, postal size, prepared by Rev. Fred C. Patterson, Tama Indian Mission, and containing much information on one side and a map of the Reservation on the other, was passed to each girl. This society is known for its variety in methods, thanks to its different sponsors.

Girls' Circle Program

By MRS. J. C. SMITH, 1860 Shaw Ave., East Cleveland, Ohio

WITNESSING WITH JESUS IN THE CONGO

A Study of "Congo Crosses," Chapters I and II

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS —

We are beginning a three month's study of "Congo Crosses" by Julia Lake Kellersberger. As many copies of the text book as possible should be available for study, one for each girl is ideal.

Maps. A large silhouette map of black oil cloth pasted upon white sign cloth—an enlargement of the map in the text book, using the same colors and key.

If desired a splendid picture map may be secured from our Literature Department for 50c. Southland Spirituals, 25c. Or from Literature Department.

Tall white candle signifying the Presence of Christ.

The Spirit of Trails should wear a black robe.

Collect African current events for use in an African Newspaper at a later meeting.

Note: If you can arrange to have more than one meeting for these two Chapters, use for the first meeting the playlet "Ourselves and Africa" by Mrs. McKune, (In this issue of *The Womens Missionary Magazine*) the suggested material about and by Mrs. Kellersberger, and a map talk about Africa, giving comparative size, location of countries, especially the Congo, rivers, cities, lakes, etc. Use the enlarged text book map for this study.

Many of the suggestions on this program have been taken from "How to Use."

INVITATION—On a correspondence card or post card paste a silhouette map of dark gray paper showing a trail of footsteps in black ink across its surface.

"The Council of This Village summons the Maidens of the White Man's Tribe to follow the Congo Trail to on"

PROGRAM

Quiet Music—Deep River. No. 29 Southland Spirituals.

Leader—There is an African proverb which reads;

"Lead thou the way in the wet grass drear,

Then, only then, art thou pioneer."

"In Africa the long grass grows to a height of twelve to eighteen feet," etc. . . . closing with the words "a place again in her bosom" (See Text book p. 32.)

Scripture—Mary and Joseph. Matt. 2:13-15.

Since the time of Mary and Joseph who took the Living Child to Egypt there have been many others who have gone to Africa taking the Living Spirit of Christ with them. Outstanding among them have been Livingstone, Stanley, the Moffats, and Mary Slessor. Among the modern pioneers are Dr. and Mrs. Kellersberger.

Prayer—Thanksgiving for those pioneer workers and for the pioneers in our own fields in Africa.—the McCagues, Giffens, and others. Pray that we may be worthy to follow in their trails.

Leader—Among those who have demonstrated by their lives that they are faithfully and zealously carrying out the Great Commis-

sion "Go ye—" is Mrs. Julia Lake Kellersberger, the author of our book, "Congo Crosses." Surely, as she was writing this book was Christ redeeming his promise "And lo, I am with you always" (Light Candle).

Circle Girl—Tells briefly of Mrs. Kellersberger and how she came to write the book. (See beginning of Mrs. McKune's study on "Congo Crosses" p. 199, and how "Congo Crosses" was written, by Mrs. Kellersberger, p. 195, this magazine.

Spirit of Trails—(Stands beside the large map) I am the Spirit of the African Trails. Through countless ages, through Africa's night have they been made by black feet across the Continent of God's Adventure. Trails there are many, through grass a dozen feet high, wet with dew, over hot sun-baked plains, through dark forests thick with creeping vines and underbrush, over hills and mountains, along great rushing rivers and forbidding lakes. As I go along the Forest Trails of this land I see a country of Contrasts, a country of Color, a country of Sound, a country of Odors. (Elaborate. See text. p. 40-42.) But amid all the beauty of the Trail, the African knows only fear. Will you saunter with me through Congo forests, over hills and plains, through old and new Africa, seeing not only the beauty of nature but the African. (See text p. 43-50. Condense.)

Leader—Thus have we seen the land of Africa and her people. Overhead shines the constellation of the Southern Cross, the Cross in the Sky. There are many other crosses in Africa, Crosses on the Land.

Solo or Duet—"Heab'n" Southland Spirituals p. 10.

Leader—Our author discusses four types of Crosses "which cast their sinister shadows on the weary

land" Past Crosses, Passing Crosses, Present Crosses and Future Crosses. These are the problems of the Trail.

Spirit of the Trail—In years past many times have my eyes beheld these Past Crosses, and my heart has been heavy within me. (See Mrs. McKune's study, beginning with "You will note that there are two past crosses," and ending "but we are thankful that they may be called PAST Crosses"). The Passing Crosses are still exerting their influence in all parts of Africa. (Mention these. See Mrs. McKune's study, also text Chap. II under those headings. Be brief.)

The Present Crosses along the trail are crosses not only to the African but to the missionary as well. (See Mrs. McKune's study beginning "Three of the present crosses" ending with "the white man has the land".)

Future Crosses cast dark shadows along the trail. If it were not for the promise of The Cross in the Sky, one would fear for those who must tread the trail. (See Future Crosses, Mrs. McKune.)

Song—"We've a Story to Tell to the Nations."

Leader—(Heads bowed in prayer.)

"We thank Thee, Lord, Thy paths of service lead
To blazoned heights and down the slopes of need;
They reach Thy throne, encompass land and sea,
And he who journeys in them, walks with Thee."

Book Trail—God's Candlelights—Mabel Shaw.

Refreshment Suggestion—Bananas with or without cocoanut, cakes with white frosting, marked with black chocolate cross.

Home Missions Department

MRS. WM. S. COOK, 1201 6th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.

EZEL SCHOOL

First in importance are the great spiritual blessings and victories which have been ours. We were privileged to have with us for two weeks the Rev. W. C. Harold, of Spencer, W. Va., who has a passion for souls for Christ, and who always has a spiritual gospel message for his hearers. He was no stranger to us, having been here a few years ago. Night after night the crowds came, not overflowing the church, but steadily increasing in size and in enthusiasm. The Holy Spirit was working mightily in our midst. During the daytime, calls were made, prayers were uttered, personal work was accomplished, resulting in some 25 conversions, several reprofessions of faith, and a rededication of the entire congregation for a more faithful service in our community. To date there have been received into the membership of the church 25 persons, with others to be received. Will you not pray for these who have taken this step for Christ? And pray for the whole work of our church, that it may be more and more a beacon light for the ministry of the gospel of Jesus Christ where souls shall find Him as their Savior and Lord. Truly, we have been richly blessed and we praise His name for the outpouring of His grace upon us.

Every department of the church is functioning in a very promising way. As pastor of the church, I can say that the last year has shown a more steady attendance and interest than any during our ministry here.

Since the opening of school, only two students have dropped out, and they because of financial circumstances. We have hoped that some way might be arranged whereby they could be helped, but to date nothing has appeared. With over 200 stu-

dents in our building, we are having to face many problems.

It is interesting to note the growth of the school in the last six years. In 1930, there were two High School teachers, with some 35 students in the last four years. Only two rooms were used for their work. None of the rooms in the basement were used. Now we have eight teachers in the High Schools, Junior and Senior, and three teachers in the lower grades. All the rooms in the basement are used for school purposes, the attic floor used for the library, and two classes meeting outside the building. So far we have been able to meet every growth, but we cannot grow much more without additional space.

We are most grateful for the response to our appeals for used clothing. Most of this is sold for nominal sums, not only to help the people in a very material way, and to avert pauperism, but also to help the school pay for itself as it seeks to serve. Many cannot buy. In such instances we help all we can. Yesterday a family came asking for help, having lost everything they had through the burning of their home. The children were in school at the time of the fire, and saved what clothing they wore. We were able to give them bed clothing, coats, dresses, shoes, etc., and they received because you who have heard our appeal sent us something to help them with. I wish you could see the expressions of gratitude because of the help thus afforded. Much more clothing will be needed before the winter has passed.

Xenia Presbyterial YPCU made Ezel a Junior Special Object. I happened to be in Columbus when the ingathering came, and it was more than the Ford would hold. More is to come, and will be shipped when all comes in. What a fine expression of missionary zeal in the homeland.

Continue to pray for us, that the influence of the school may reach more and more into the hearts of the people; that the church may minister more and more to the spiritual needs of the people; and that in all of the work here Christ shall be pre-eminent and have all honor and glory. We want to be worthy stewards of your trust.

"A MIND TO WORK"

The mission building at Westland, Pa., is passing through a period of renovation, so the missionary, Miss Elizabeth Clark, reports. A friend of the Mission donated money to purchase paint. The Coal Company gave lumber for some needed repairs and a member of the church donated his services for the repairing. Men of the congregation, with the assistance of the missionary, painted the outside of the building. Friends in the Taylorstown church donated the paint for the inside walls. The Women's Bible Class renovated the pews and the missionary reports—"We have a beautiful church now."

The women of the Bible School entertained the men and boys at a Father and Son Banquet. Twenty fathers and twenty sons were present. Two young men from the Seminary furnished special music for the occasion. The speaker of the evening was the Reverend Arthur Armstrong of the Third Church, Washington, Pa. He urged the men to return to the church, to serve Christ and to win others. Many of the men are now taking an earnest and definite part in the activities of the mission.

ON CITY STREETS

Miss Sallie Dickey has made forty-two calls and twelve additional calls where she only rang the bell; attended twenty-six meetings and gave seven talks during the past month.

For four weeks she is to teach Mission Study at an Institute of the

YPCU, which is held in the Chicago and Gary district.

Miss Ruth Findley has been transferred from The Westminster Church to the Second Church in Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Caliandro, who has been a missionary in The Church of The Redeemer, West New York, N. J., for a period of twelve years, sent her resignation which the Board accepted with much regret. She loved the work and I am sure the people loved her for the many faithful years she had given and the loving care of the mission, watching its growth and caring for it as a mother cares for her child. Now her time will be given to caring for her "three little Graces" as she calls them.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES

We reported last month that Menefee County had won its fight for Local Option and that the wets had challenged the election. The case is now pending in Court, awaiting the decision of the circuit judge after he has reviewed the evidence.

Mr. Stephens is planning to do some temperance education in the County and in some surrounding counties, giving illustrated lectures showing the effects of alcohol, to create a sentiment against drinking as well as against legalized whisky. The Board had given him permission to purchase a portable electric plant to run the "movie" machine or stereopticon.

The dormitory work program continues to be an interesting and demanding activity. To find worthwhile tasks for thirty girls and twenty-eight boys is a problem. There are only eight of the boarding students who are not dependent upon their earnings to remain in school.

The Sabbath School has an average attendance of over one hundred. We have an active Young People's Society of sixty members, an Inter-

(Continued on page 254)

Indian Department

MRS. ARTHUR B. McBRIDE, Secretary, 847 Thorne St., Sewickley, Pa.

FROM CELILO FALLS

In answer to a request for song books for children, Dr. R. L. Lanning of the Board of Publication very kindly sent copies of "Children's Praise No. 2" to Mrs. T. J. Means, who with her husband and their pastor at The Dalles, has been carrying on a little Sabbath School for the children of the fisherfolk of Celilo Falls, Oregon. When the books arrived Mrs. Means, that very day, sat down and wrote a very enthusiastic letter. Quoting from it:

"The song books came today and I had to sit right down and play several songs.

"One of the local churches loaned us the use of an organ they were not using. Just two weeks ago Mr. Means took it out to the school house in a trailer, and now with the new song books what fun we'll have!

"These songs are very different from anything I have ever seen for children. The tunes are simple, but very pretty and the words follow the Bible very closely, yet are excellently set to tune. I'm so glad for them. We have just started learning the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, and I found a song for that chapter, and can hardly wait until Sunday to start teaching it to the children. Then there's an excellent christmas song the children will love, in fact it is going to be hard for me not to want to teach a half dozen songs all at once.

"The Celilo Falls Sabbath School is small and sometimes we—to be frank—get discouraged. But still it is a great joy just to simply tell the Great Story, especially where it is not being told and where Satan has so long held such sway. The witch doctor is greatly respected and feared, superstition holds unbelievable control over the whole

tribe, and the morals are very low.

"So, it is a real joy, and we believe a truly Christian duty, to take the S. S. roll with its pretty pictures and the picture cards and literature you supply and gather the children around us and tell them of a God who loves them and who can save them from sin.



The Reverend E. W. Machamer, Mrs. Machamer and Baby Billy, the new missionary family, Warm Springs, Oregon.

"Please pray, all of you, that many more from this village may definitely break from heathenism and believe and accept Christ."

"Our Women's Board is grateful to our Board of Publication for this gift of song books, and for these consecrated people who have voluntarily started and carried on this work. They meet in a little school-house, even carry their own fuel with them so that they will not be an expense to the school district. We may well add their names to our Prayer Cycle on the American Indian page.

APPRECIATED GIFTS

The American Indian Missionary of Tama, Iowa, expresses sincere appreciation of the thoughtfulness shown by the friends of the Mission in some fine gifts received recently:

From the Cradle Roll Department of the First United Presbyterian Church of Washington, Pa., a Baptismal Bowl was sent to the little children and forbid them Mission. When Christ said "Suffer not, to come unto me: for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven", surely he meant little red babies from Indian homes were to be baptized into His family.

The Synod of Iowa, which recently met in Crawfordsville, Iowa, voted a fine donation to the Mission which will be wisely used for the work there.

A generous supply of Gospel literature from the Bible Institute Colportage Association, Chicago, was received recently. This is the second gift from the Association, the books and leaflets are very useful both for the Sanitorium and the Chapel. With the former gift a circulating library for the YPCU was started and this recent donation will be added to it.

These splendid gifts are greatly appreciated, and our grateful thanks go to the donors of these gifts and to all those faithful societies and individuals who are remembering the Mission with donations of quilt pieces, layettes and Christmas gifts.

INDIAN ARROWS

TAMA, IOWA

The missionaries at Tama have recently been guests in their own home twice, when the W.M.S. of the Blairstown Presbyterian Church and the W.M.S. of Traer United Presbyterian Church brought their picnic dinner to the Mission and

held their regular monthly meetings following the feasts.

There was a real surprise for the Blairstown group when an Indian couple arrived to be married just as they were ready to eat. The dinner waited while the knot was tied. Then the bride and groom were invited to share the feast. The groom's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. George Young Bear, accompanied them and also were invited to join with them in the "wedding dinner."

Indians are busy these days getting a good big wood-pile up beside the house. They anticipate another winter like last winter when it was impossible to haul wood from the timber land and they were compelled to cut nice shade trees near their homes. They do take an interest in conserving the good timber. Also they hope to be prepared and not have to cut wood in sub-zero weather. We hope they are wrong in their prophecy of another such winter.

With the opening of school in September the Tama Junior Society returned to meeting after school on Thursdays. The children walk the half mile from the school to the mission and the bus driver has been engaged to make a second trip to take them home after the meeting.

Those of the Junior Society who had been advanced to the fifth grade in day school were promoted from the Junior Society early in September and organized into an Intermediate Society meeting at the same time as the Juniors.

Devotional services are held together with one of the Intermediates leading. Then the two societies separate for Bible Study with Rev. Patterson in charge of the Intermediates and Mrs. Patterson teaching the Juniors.

Temperance and Reform Department

MRS. HARRIET S. BOOBYER, Secretary, 905 Publication Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Alcohol makes the automobile a slaughtermobile. — *West Australia-Temperance League.*

A new and appropriate word has been coined to apply to those guilty of driving an auto recklessly when drunk. The word is "spreeder," strongly suggestive of "spree" and "speed."—*National Voice.*

Twinkle, twinkle, little Bar,
How I wonder what you are!
Gin and whiskey, night and noon,
But never, never a saloon!
—Z.L. B. in *Christian Science Monitor.*

The old saloon had its faults but at its worst there never was any chance that you would have to fight your way through school girls to get to the bar.—*New York Times.*

Eleven men, all serving terms of from 30 to 90 days in the Allegheny County Jail on drunken driving charges, were brought into the morgue chapel and there in the presence of 11 dead men took the pledge. The pledge read in part, "I am thoroughly aware of the fact that a drunken driver is a potential killer, and in appreciation of my good fortune in not going to prison for a much more serious offence which could so easily have followed my indiscretion, I pledge myself in the presence of death never again to drink any intoxicating beverage when about to drive a motor vehicle." Thus a Pittsburgh judge, Judge Musmanno, seeks to curb drinking driving. "The drunken driver," the Judge says, "is Public Enemy No. 1."

A Pennsylvania State Liquor

Store, a few blocks away, exhorts its customers to "Drive Sober!"

The drunken driver is, very properly, having his troubles these days and with widespread revocation of drivers' licenses may perhaps eventually be largely eliminated, but if the Pennsylvania authorities are honest in their condemnation of drinking drivers why are hundreds of gasoline stations permitted to sell beer as a side line? In many cases the gasoline appears to be the "side line."—*Pittsburgh Automoblist.*

The American Business Men's Research Foundation gives out the following figures based upon official Government reports and figures:

Consumption all liquors Fiscal Year 1936—1,680,959,471 gallons.

Consumption all liquors Fiscal Year 1935—1,421,896,990 gallons.

Increase 1936 over 1935—259,062,481 gallons or 18%.

Total estimated drink bill Fiscal Year 1936—\$2,826,368,756.73.

Total estimated drink bill Fiscal Year 1935—\$2,334,178,874.63.

Increase 1936 over 1935—\$492,189,882.10 or 21%.

The total drink bill of the United States in the forty months since the liquor traffic was re-legalized averages.

Per family—\$259.85.

Per minute—\$4,658.75.

Per day—\$6,708,000.00.

Negro Department

MRS. ADA K. WILSON, Secretary, 412 S. Main St., Zelienople, Pa.

NEWS FROM THE SCHOOLS

Prof. Wm. Peters of Prairie, Alabama, writes:

"We have opened with our usual number of students. The attendance is never very good until about the middle of October, and this year is no exception.

"For several weeks the weather has been ideal for harvesting crops and many children have been kept out of school for that purpose.

"I have this to say of the importance of the work we are doing here: The people of this community, although sometimes reluctant about admitting it, find this work the source of the best that they have achieved in religious and moral ideals; in social enjoyment, in economic improvements, and in educational advantages for their children.

"We have a fine group of young people from our mission now continuing their training in other schools. There are fifteen of them attending the Millers Ferry County Training School. Some are in the boarding department of that institution. Some are walking back and forth daily the distance of six miles one way. I have made it possible for a few to make the trip in my car with my oldest son who is a student there.

"One of our students is now attending Knoxville College; another is in Alabama State College; one in Tennessee State College; two in Snow Hill Institute of this state; and one in Knox Academy of Selma. We have several worthy students who want to continue their education and have not yet found means of support.

"Throughout the years of the life of this work, a great many successful men and women have been trained here. Most of them have not seen fit to come back to this neighborhood to work, because of better economic

conditions elsewhere, and so other sections and states have benefited as well as our own community. We hope that the time may soon come when economic conditions here and elsewhere may be such that one might be able to do his work and make a living without leaving home. The most of our people are essentially farmers and love the farm, but not finding it profitable, many are seeking to prepare themselves for something else.

"We are deeply conscious of a debt of gratitude to the United Presbyterian Church and to the Women's Board, which we shall never be able to pay. We thank you."

The Rev. D. F. White, Pastor of the churches at Camden and Millers Ferry, Alabama, writes: "On September 9, mother passed to the heavenly home. The world in which I now live is a very different one to me.

"Aside from this interruption we have filled all our engagements for the month of September. With the end of vacation and the beginning of another school year, the spiritual work, especially pastoral, is being greatly increased. Our fall, winter and spring schedule is in full action. So intimately are the school and church work tied together here at Millers Ferry and Camden, that each is simply a part of the whole missionary program.

"I am glad to have your letter emphasizing *Christianizing* as our *first objective*. Since being here I have found it necessary to say this. Your letter will help me to emphasize it more effectively.

"At the beginning of the school work, Prof. Peoples asked me to work out a graded course of Bible study for the school. While we make no great claims for it, we believe it is
(Continued on page 251)

Foreign Department

MRS. J. D. SANDS, Secretary, 5542 Hampton St., E. Liberty Sta., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MISSIONARIES' BIRTHDAYS JANUARY

Miss Marjorie McCrory December 29
Miss Mary F. Lincoln, R.N. January 5
Miss Kate Spencer January 7
Miss Helen C. Sharp, M.D. January 10
Miss Margaret Murdoch January 11
Miss Ida Whiteside January 16

Miss Georgia Wengert January 23
Miss Minnehaha Finney January 24
Miss Lillian McConnell January 28
Miss Addaline Brandon January 28
Miss Frances Turk, R.N. January 28
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry January 30
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R.N. January 31
Miss Ruth A. Warnock January 14
Miss Grace N. Ranson January 16

THE SUDAN

Dr. Ried F. Shields, the General Secretary of the Mission, writes: "We have been busy entertaining people from Ethiopia recently. First there was a party of Swedish missionaries—sixteen. All Swedish missionaries have been ordered out of the country by the Italians. There came also two Germans, the last of the Hermansberger Mission. They do not intend to return, although I believe they were not definitely told to go. They feel, however, that Protestant missions in that country are finished. Last week Mrs. Dougherty and her two children and Mr. West reached Khartum. These have gone on to Alexandria. Dr. Dougherty expects to come down on the last boat. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneweg are here in Khartum for the winter, as well as Miss Blair. Our people are very optimistic about the future of our work, thinking that the Italians will not disturb American Missions. I cannot feel quite so sanguine about the situation, but we hope and pray that they may be able to return next summer after the Italians have taken the country."

Although the weather has been terribly hot for several weeks, all the missionaries were well except Miss Marguerite McClellan, who has found it necessary to go to Tanta Hospital, for medical care. She had opened the school and things were well under way before she left Khartum North. Miss Turk, Miss Blair of Ethiopia, and Miss Williamson of Egypt are

carrying on the school. Our sympathies go out to Miss Isabel Blair whose mother died very suddenly in her home in Washington, Pa.

Miss Mary Jane McKnight spent her vacation in Egypt. Part of the time she was in the hospital but she has returned to her work in good health and she is able to carry on her work as usual. This year they are having the Training School for Bible Women in Khartum North again. They have three new girls—two eighth year graduates of the Girls' Boarding School and one fourth year girl.

Miss Mary Coie, who is in America on regular furlough, has been doing deputational work in the western part of our country. She writes that she has been enjoying this work very much indeed as she has contacted many people of whom she had read but had never met. She has also been making Thank Offering addresses in some of the churches. She reports fairly good audiences and much interest in our missionary work. She asks for continued prayers for the work.

EGYPT

Dr. and Mrs. Moore arrived at Tanta Hospital several weeks ago, much to the joy of the staff, which has been kept very busy all summer with only Dr. Hutchison in charge.

Miss Florence White of Addis Ababa, who underwent an operation in Assiut Hospital, has recovered sufficiently to travel to America and

reached here on November 11. Miss Mary Harsh, a short term nurse, traveled with her. We are hoping and praying for Miss White's complete recovery very shortly.

Some of the schools have been having slight difficulty in opening up their work. In Fayoum a committee of Coptic men with the help of their bishop opened a new school for girls. They said that every Coptic family in Fayoum must send its girls to their school. More than one-half of our girls are from Coptic homes and most of them are as ignorant of Bible teaching as their Moslem neighbors and their parents have been most appreciative of the Bible training the girls receive in our school. This committee has forced the parents to take their girls to the Coptic school so the missionaries have been doing a lot of visiting to keep friends with the people and to encourage the girls. Many new pupils have come to our school this year. There are several new families for which the missionaries are especially thankful. Miss Margaret Bell tells of her visit to the village in which Elizabeth a blind girl lives. "She was born blind and has been here as a boarder for six years. A year ago she joined the church. She was very eager to try to teach the children in the street where her uncle lives and where she goes in the summer. I had sent word that I would go on a certain day. She gathered the children early in the morning so by the time I got out to the village (about 4:30) the children had grown weary waiting and had scattered all over the village. It did amuse me the way Elizabeth sent for one and then another. How well they told the story of Zacchaeus, of the Prodigal Son, and of the two houses, one of which was built upon the sands and the other upon a rock! They got their prizes as the children in the other villages had done; then we all stood and prayed our Lord's prayer together. After that I had to shake hands with all—big and little,

sticky-fingered and all; but did I care? Not a bit. I can't tell you when I have been so happy. Elizabeth is back in school now. One evening at prayer we spoke of things for which we should thank God. Elizabeth said she was thankful because some of the Moslem children are learning to love our Lord Jesus Christ. Most of her pupils this summer were Moslem children."

Miss Bell also tells of the girls' meeting. They invite not only the graduates of the school but any other young women who are interested in a social religious meeting. They played games for an hour and then had sort of a Christian Endeavor meeting, followed by light refreshments. The girls take turns in entertaining these meetings in their homes. One of the missionaries asks us to pray that hearts may be opened to receive the truth as it is in Jesus and that precious souls may be saved.

Miss Frances Patton, who has been home on furlough since last Spring, has helped to care for her father through many weeks of illness. He has been released from pain and weariness and has answered the call to his heavenly home. We remember Miss Patton and her family in our prayers.

ETHIOPIA

A letter from Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N., tells of her disappointment that Miss Ruth Nichol had not yet reached Addis Ababa, although permission for her return was given some time ago. All our workers in that station are anxious for her to get back and open up the girls' school. Miss Faught writes: "We know that all kinds of reports have appeared in the papers at home. It is natural that you should believe some of them. It was true that the railroad was cut off for a time but it was such a short time that we did not even miss any mail; and that cannot happen again. Ever since the rains have started there have been various

stories going around of how the Ethiopians were going to attack Addis and drive the Italians out. We heard it so much and so many dates were set when nothing happened that we almost forgot about it. The only thing that happened was on July 28; all of a sudden during our chapel hour terrific shooting occurred right outside of our compound. We thought then that the time had come, but no effort was made to enter the compound, although the shooting continued off and on throughout the day. About 6 P. M. I looked out of the hospital and saw two columns of Italians quietly marching up our front road. We had not asked for their protection but later learned that Mr. Engert (the American ambassador) was concerned about us and that is why they came. They set to work building little forts on all the verandas and entrances to the hospital. We were told to move into the hospital so we brought many of our belongings up there. We four girls slept in one room and the three men in another. The natives from all over the compound were in the hospital too, so every available space was taken. Even the car and motorcycle were put inside the hospital and the three dogs had to be kept there, too. About two hundred soldiers stayed around several days but not a thing happened. In the papers it sounded as if our hospital had been the scene of battle, but such was not the case. Scarcely a shot was fired after that first morning. It was hard to accomplish anything during those days, for the hospital was so noisy and dirty with all the compound under one roof. It was quite an experience and very interesting. After six days the soldiers marched off again, thanking us for our hospitality and leaving the fortifications up. They are still up. I suppose it is up to us to take them down. Everyone in Addis Ababa feels that all possibility of danger is past. The Italians will soon push out into the West to take that

territory. It may not be so safe in the interior for awhile but all is well here. Our work goes on as before and we are very anxious indeed that the school may be opened soon as there are many girls here on the compound—lovely girls who need to be taught and trained."

Let us pray most earnestly for our missionaries and for our work in Addis Ababa, the only station in Ethiopia at the present time in which our Church is carrying on.

INDIA

Several of our missionaries spent their vacation time this summer in southern India. Their days were packed full of new and interesting things. While it was the rainy season and rain just poured every day, yet there were some dry hours when they could get out to see the sights. They were disappointed in not being able to see Mt. Everest as it was covered with heavy mist. However, they saw many beautiful sights, one of which was the third highest mountain in the world. They visited a number of schools. Among these was a school for Nepalese girls which is run by the Scotch Mission. It is on the border of Nepal, which is forbidden territory. They also spent some time at the Queen Hill School for the children of American missionaries in south India. On this trip they saw some of the most famous Buddhist and Hindu temples in India. While they shuddered at the thought of them, they felt that such sights would make them more zealous than ever in preaching the good news. Again, they were interested in a hospital where was a leper asylum having ninety patients. Forty of these have been converted and baptized. One of the attractions of Darjeeling, where they stopped, is the tea actually growing on tea estates. The missionaries had the joy of picking tea leaves and saw in a tea factory the entire process of tea drying.

On this estate there were 740 coolies—men, women and children—who every day pick tea.

Miss Minnie Beatty postponed her furlough for six months in order to keep her work going in Abbottabad. Now that Miss Lillian McConnell has taken over that responsibility Miss Beatty is free to proceed to America



Miss Minnie Beatty introduces her little orphaned baby: "Meet Ruth Miriam".

and expects to arrive in New York on December 15. She writes: "It has been a great privilege to be in India this term. Time has been on wings and I have been happy and contented. Why should we not be happy when we have a chance to serve our King? I have a new interest this summer as I have been given a dear little baby whose mother has passed away. She was such a pet while we had her here. Now I have her in the children's ward in the Sialkot Hospital. I took her down at Sialkot Convention time and Miss Hill gave me a room right in the midst of the children. I stayed there two nights and by the time I was ready to leave the hospital the

baby was very happy without me."

The Annual Meeting of the Mission is over and our missionaries are back at their assigned places. All who were on furlough have returned. Miss Dora Whitely wrote from near Honolulu that she had sailed on October 15, one day earlier than scheduled because of the threatened strikes all along the coast among the men of the Shipping Union. The first two days out were very rough but after that traveling was very pleasant. The boat was unusually full and she and Miss McCrory and a Presbyterian missionary nurse going to Korea were in one cabin but they enjoyed themselves very much.

Dr. Bramson of Denmark has arrived and has taken up her work in the Sialkot Memorial Hospital. One of the nurses there was ill with typhoid fever during the summer, so Miss Lundquist was the only American nurse on duty for a time.

Several of our missionaries have been quite ill and may have to return to America. Great anxiety is felt concerning the work with its depleted number of workers. Let us pray that the way may be opened up for many more workers to go out to this important field.

Miss Margaret Fehlman, home on furlough, has been touring the Iowa Synod on deputational work. She has been having a very busy time speaking to the different congregations and Sabbath Schools, frequently talking two or three times daily. In one place she had three longer speeches and shorter ones to the Sabbath School and YPCU.

Miss Jean Morrison, who has retired from her work in India, has been ill in a hospital in Philadelphia but is recovering very nicely and has gone to her home in Iowa.

We pray for the workers in all our fields as they take up their duties for another year that they may be greatly blessed in their service for the Master.

Junior Department

MRS. W. R. McMUNN, Secretary, 302 Hastings Ave., Oakdale, Pa.

JUNIOR SPECIAL

The Junior Special this year is the support of the Girls' Boarding School at Khartum North, the Sudan. Juniors are asked to contribute the sum of \$2,000. This object is especially appropriate since mission study lessons for the year are about the Negro at home and in Africa. For many years Juniors have had an interest in the Khartum School. In 1907 and again in 1908 they were asked to buy 225,000 bricks to be used in the erection of the school. For this purpose a total of \$4,284.70 was given. This was \$1,159.70 more than had been asked. In 1920 \$3,000 was asked of the Juniors for Khartum School and \$3,677.69 was given. On page 790 of the July-August 1936 issue of *The Womens Missionary Magazine* is found an interesting report of the school for last year. Read this for recent information regarding the school and its work. Send to the Literature Department for Junior Special Dime cards which are free for postage.

DETROIT PRESBYTERIAL

JUNIOR RALLY

Detroit Presbytery held its first Junior Rally in October, 1936. Because of the difficulty of transportation, the Rally was held in two divisions, six societies meeting in Detroit at Military Ave. church, and seven societies meeting in Pontiac at Oakland Ave. church. All the societies with the exception of one, were represented.

The services, each society having a definite part, consisted of devotions, songs, missionary stories and pageants. A missionary offering designated for the Junior Special Work was taken in the Detroit division.

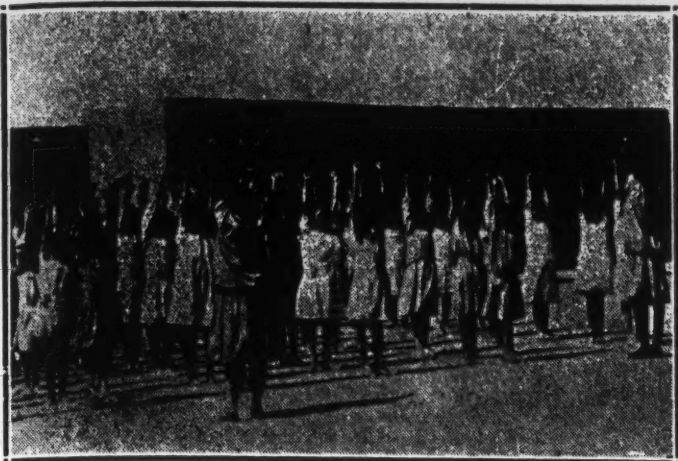
Luncheon was served at the noon hour. The attendance was about 175. Everyone seemed to enjoy the Rally very much and we hope to make it a regular event.

*Mrs. Clara Howe, Junior Secretary,
Detroit Presbyterial.*

Scenes in the Girls' Boarding School, Khartum, The Sudan



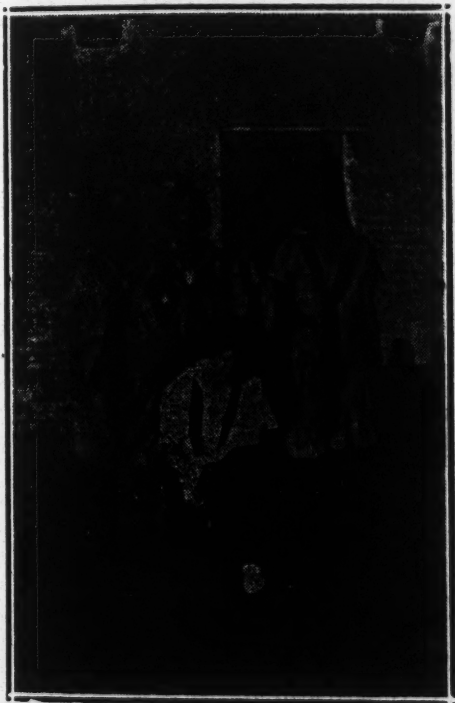
Take a look down the long veranda where sixty girls sleep. This addition was build in 1926. It was very soon full. More room is needed.



A class of sixty girls during gymnasium period. This they like much better than their study periods. They are all colors. From coal-black to quite pale white. Some are very interesting shades of red and brown.



Glimpses at Christmas time. You will miss the snow. We are out on a little patch of grass showing off our gifts. The girls have jumping ropes that came from America. The girls are delighted with them, but even though these girls are quite large, they envy the kiddies who received dolls.



Four student teachers, proud of their new gymnasium suits which they have just completed. We have our class with these teachers at 5:40 A.M. These mornings it is quite dark when we begin.



Girls' Boarding School at Khartum North, the Sudan, with a little desert scene near by. Notice the trees. These give a lovely shade and the missionaries often enjoy a tea under them.

Literature Department

MRS. A. J. RANGLES, Secretary, 904 Publication Bldg., 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

STUDY BOOKS

ADULTS

Congo Crosses (Foreign), Cloth, \$1.00; Paper, 50c.

How to Use Congo Crosses—Booklet containing program suggestions, study outlines, and dramatizations, 15c.

A Preface to Racial Understanding (Home), Cloth, \$1.00; Paper, 60c.

A Course for Adults, based on *A Preface to Racial Understanding*, Paper, 25c.

INTERMEDIATE

African Bridge Builders (Foreign), Cloth, \$1.00; Paper, 60c.

Twelve Negro Americans (Home), Cloth, \$1.00; Paper, 60c.

A pamphlet for leaders on either of the above books, 25c each.

JUNIOR

Camp Fires In the Congo (Foreign), New Edition, Cloth, 75c; Paper, 50c.

How to Use Camp Fires In the Congo, 10c.

We Sing America (Home), Cloth, \$1.00; Paper, 50c.

Junior Teacher's Guide on Negro Americans, Paper, 25c.

Primary Teacher's Guide on Negro Americans, Paper, 25c.

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL

We have much material on our three fields in Africa (listed in our catalog) which we have not included in the following supplementary material for programs on Africa because the study for the year is based

on Congo in which we have no part. Save this page for it applies to the whole study and will not be printed so fully again.

BOOKS

Out of Africa, Cloth, \$1.00; Paper, 60c.

Consider Africa, Cloth, \$1.00; Paper, 60c.

The Missionary Review of the World, October issue, 25c.

Fun and Festival From Africa—A pamphlet containing program suggestions, African games, stories, proverbs, music, suggestions for dramatization, refreshments, etc. Paper, 25c.

What Do You Know About Africa?—Three tests for use in study courses on Africa. Single copies, 10c; dozen copies, 25c.

Picture of Mrs. Kellersberger (author of *Congo Crosses*) and typed biography, 10c.

MAPS

Map showing Protestant mission stations, 60c.

Picture Map of Africa, 50c.

FOR ELEMENTARY GRADES

Loose-Leaf Series No. 1—Africa—Illustrated pamphlet of games, songs, handcraft suggestions and folk tales of Africa, by Constance M. Hallock, 15c.

African Picture Stories—Five pictures and a story about each, 25c the set.

Typewritten Stories—

Arrow John's Return, 5c.

The Gift, 5c.

The Black Madonna, 5c.

Livingston Hero Stories, 15c.

African Hammock Song. Never before printed in America. Single copy, 5c; three copies, 10c.

DRAMATIZATIONS

Ordered South, 4 men, 2 women. 30 minutes. 15c.

Kanjundu—Shows waning of witch doctor's power—15 characters (6 children). 1 hour. 25c.

Through the Dark—Shows power of Christianity to banish superstition. 3 speaking parts. 15 minutes. 15c.

Livingstone Hero Plays — Four dramatizations for juniors. 15c.

NOVELTIES

Colored Parrot, mounted on black, 13x20, truly beautiful, 35c postpaid. *Parrot unmounted*, 10c.

Blue beads and Cowry shells (medium of exchange), 5c.

Note—The colored posters we have advertised previously are done.

We refer you to previous issues of the Magazine for supplementary material for the study of the Negro in America.

NEGRO DEPARTMENT

(Continued from page 243)

a step in the right direction and gives the teachers something definite to work with in this important study. It is hoped that when revised, which we hope to do during the year, it will meet the approval of all our Missions, giving a uniform Bible course that meets the needs of the students coming to us, fitting them to intelligently teach God's word, when they return to their communities. This is no criticism of the past work in this field, but a simple effort at progress, in Christianizing the boys and girls who come to us."

Mr. N. D. Williams, Principal of the Wilcox County Training School, Millers Ferry, Ala., reports as follows:

"The school is moving along nicely and our boarding department is larger than it was last year. Miss Parker and her girls enjoyed having as din-

ner guests during their visit here Dr. and Mrs. Hutchinson and daughter of Pittsburgh, Pa.

"There are seventeen girls in the Porter Hall Dormitory. Several of whom have parents who are former Miller's Ferry students or graduates. These girls have good schools in their home communities but the religious atmosphere is lacking. That is why they are sent here. Matron and teachers are trying to instill in them the principles that will make them good women ready for Christian service.

"The hospital, as usual, is doing its 'bit' to bring more happiness into the community through its healing powers. About fifty office patients have been treated. Two of the dormitory girls were overnight patients. This isolation prevents spread of disease on campus."

Tributes

MRS. RUTH LAMPHERE FOSTER

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church, Keokuk, Iowa desires to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Ruth Lamphere Foster (Mrs. Robert A. Foster) who entered her heavenly home September 17, 1936.

Mrs. Foster's life radiated service; she was interested in all church activities and was especially faithful and efficient in the Missionary meetings. She personally knew many missionaries who enjoyed her gracious hospitality. Her letters and news from these friends stimulated our interest in the work. Her kind ministry was appreciated by many elderly people whom she took to the meetings in her car.

Mrs. Foster acted as a delegate from Keokuk Presbytery to the Women's General Missionary Meeting which met in St. Louis, May, 1936. Unable to attend the Presbyterial in June, she sent a written report of the W.G.M.S. This report was so outstanding that many societies requested copies.

A woman of unusual musical ability, she gave liberally of her talent to the congregation serving many years as church organist. A lover of beauty, she delighted in flowers, and each Sabbath some floral touch, arranged by her hands, adorned her husband's pulpit.

Mrs. Foster was a personal friend of the children in the congregation; her influence on their tender years will last through their lives.

Mrs. Foster's influence was not confined to her church; for several years she served as President of the Y.W.C.A. and Regent of D.A.R.

During her illness, her cheerful smile, her faith, optimism and courage were noteworthy.

As we carry on, her loyalty and faithfulness will remain with us.

To her husband and son, Robert Eugene, we extend our sincere sympathy.

Mrs. Anna C. Weyer
Mrs. Kathryn M. Davis

MRS. MAE FRICK

The Women's Missionary Society of the Boulevard United Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, Pa., desires to pay a tribute of love and esteem to the memory of Mrs. Mae Frick who was called to her heavenly home, September 12, 1936.

Mrs. Frick was a Life Member of the W.G.M.S. She was a faithful and regular member of Church, Sabbath School, Prayer

Meeting, W.C.T.U., and of the Missionary Society of which she was treasurer for many years.

We shall miss her willing service and her wise counsel.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to her family. We feel that to her is the promise fulfilled. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Mrs. John McClure.
Mrs. L. R. Free

MRS. MARY E. GETTY

The Women's Missionary Society of Philadelphia Presbytery desires to pay a tribute of love and appreciation to Mrs. Mary E. Getty, who passed to her reward on October 16, 1936 aged eighty-two years.

Her long life was spent in loyal, active service for her Master in all departments of church work. She was born and reared during the ministry of Dr. Dales where the love of missions was instilled and absorbed from her infancy. In her early married life she was an ideal pastor's wife.

She attended many W.G.M.S. Conventions and gave enthusiasm and knowledge to our Presbyterials. The outstanding interest of her later life was connected with our Presbyterial. She served twice as President (some years intervening) and for eighteen years before her death was Salaries Secretary. She knew that it required prayer and work and money to carry on the Lord's work.

We shall miss her gracious presence, her wise counsel and her sincere prayers. She has gone from us but her words and her works will abide. She had a fine sense of humor and brought sunshine into many lives.

She lived to see the Golden Jubilee last April, took a leading hand in the arrangements and a prominent part in the Pageant which depicted the "Fifty Golden Years." She had seen its beginning and watched its growth with joy.

While ailing for several years her ill health never hindered her personal interest, love and devotion. Her beautiful life left an influence and example that will reach to eternity.

We thank God for her life of service, the privilege of knowing her intimately and laboring with her.

We offer our sincere sympathy to her family and loved ones and commend them to the Saviour whom she loved and served.

Mrs. S. C. Parker
Mrs. W. White
Mrs. G. W. Patterson
Committee

MRS. LEOLA CRIDER McCUNE

"They never quite leave us, the friends
who have passed
Through the shadows of death to the sun-
light above
A thousand sweet memories are holding
them fast
To the place they blessed with their pres-
ence and love."

We, the members of the Women's Mis-
sionary Society of the United Presbyterian
Church, Evans City, Pennsylvania, wish to
pay loving tribute to the beautiful Chris-
tian character of Mrs. Leola Crider Mc-
Cune who was called to her Heavenly
Home, September 21, 1936. Her keen in-
terest in and loyal support of missions as
well as her faithfulness to her church, will
be a continuing inspiration to all who knew
her.

We commend her bereaved husband and
family to their Heavenly Father whose love
never faileth.

Mrs. Arthur D. Ripper
Miss Edyth M. Baker

**MRS. IDA TYER
MRS. ANNA DUFF
MISS CORA McCULLY
MRS. DORA HENDERSON**

The Sally Duff Missionary Society of
the United Presbyterian Church of Win-
terset, Iowa, desires to pay loving tribute
to four of our members who have recently
passed on to their reward.

Although gone from us their Christian
lives and characters live on.

To their loved ones we extend our sym-
pathy and commend them to God's keeping.
Committee.

MRS. D. P. THOMSON

On Friday, October 2, 1936, the Master
came and called from the Women's Mis-
sionary Society of the Second United Pres-
byterian Church of Seattle, Washington, a
beloved member.

We wish to testify to her loyalty and
devotion to the cause of missions and to
the work of the whole Church. She was
interested in all work for her Master, whom
she loved to serve.

We miss her presence, her cheery smile
and her wise counsel.

Even in her last moments her thought
was for her loved ones.

We mourn for her and yet with no hope-
less sorrow. We would humble ourselves
under God's chastening hand saying, "Thy
will be done." "Blessed are the dead which
die in the Lord from henceforth: yea saith
the Spirit that they may rest from their
labors and their works follow them."

To her bereaved husband and family we
extend our sincere sympathy and may the
Lord comfort them, and may they receive
peace and hope through Him who said: "I
am the resurrection and the life."

At home with God, O sweet sweet rest!
When earthly trials are all o'er;
Where all terrestrial pain is past
And grief of parting felt no more.

Her earthly course is ended
With us no more she'll roam
God saw her work was finished
And called her to His Home.

Mrs. W. J. Graham
Mrs. C. R. Wing.
Committee

THE IDEAL GIFT AT ALL TIMES**GOD'S MINUTE...**

Here is a marvelous collection of 365 Daily Prayers,
each 60 seconds long, written by 365 of the most emi-
nent preachers and laymen in the world. Cloth, 60
cents; Limp Leatherette, \$1.00; Art Leather, \$1.50.

*A Spiritual
thought for
every day*

GOD'S MESSAGE..

365 prominent clergymen have chosen their favorite
Scripture passage, and, with this as a text, have written
a Message that quickens faith, brings comfort. Cloth,
60 cents; Limp Leatherette, \$1.00; Art Leather, \$1.50.

*A daily
reminder of
the giver*

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO., Winston Bldg., Phila.

Universal Bible Sabbath

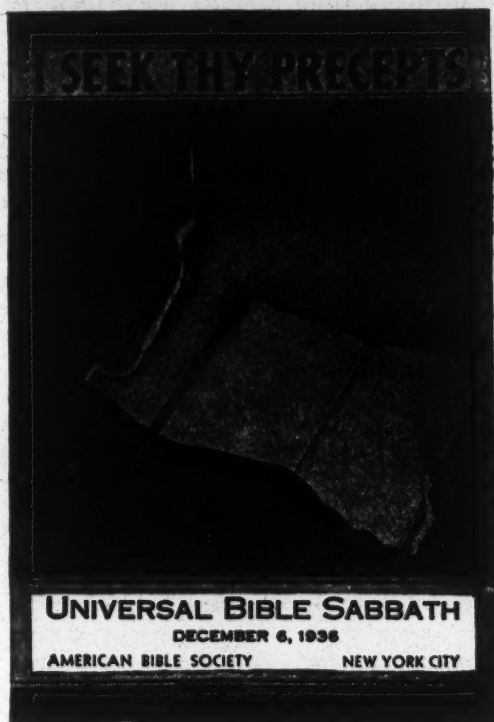
One Sabbath every year is designated as "Universal Bible Sabbath" when the attention of the whole church is called to the need of the Bible in the home, in the church and in the community.

It is an astounding fact that the Bible has been translated in whole or in part into 972 languages and dialects. The whole Bible has been translated into 175 languages; the New Testament into an additional 208; portions—at least one whole book—into 514 more; lesser parts into 75 more. A new language is added to this list, on the average of every five or six weeks.

In the brochure "The Bible in a Time of Confusion" written by Bishop Paul B. Kern of the M. E. Church South, are these words:

"The Bible is the most astounding book ever written. The languages in which it originally appeared have long since joined the ranks of the dead, but the words of this ancient book have been re-incarnated in the living speech of every continent on earth. Constantly being translated into new languages and dialects, the Bible is

rapidly becoming the universal possession of the spiritual life of the race. Civilizations crumble, but the Word of God endures. Fashions



pass over the face of the earth, but the supreme value of this library of eternal truths remains in the unalterable loyalties of the human spirit."

HOME MISSIONS DEPARTMENT

(Continued from page 239)

mediate Society of twenty members, a Junior Society of fifteen members. Each society is sponsored by and under the supervision of an adult leader. Splendid programs are carried on and the meetings are well sustained.

The church services are well attended. On the last Sabbath evening of each month, union services are held with the Methodist church. Mr. Paul Osborne, a ministerial student at Kentucky Wesleyan, is the pastor, and is quite willing to cooperate in the church work.

The Women's Missionary Society is beginning a series of missionary studies for the winter months.

Two issues of the *Frenchburg Reporter* have been mailed this fall. We would welcome a number of new subscribers. It will help your meetings to have a copy of *The Reporter* to bring first-hand information to your society. We appreciate the generous contributions that have been received and ask that you continue with this material help and that in addition you pray earnestly for our guidance in this work.

PRESENT ADDRESS OF MISSIONARIES SUPPORTED BY THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND DATE OF APPOINTMENT

(c-o American Mission should be added to each foreign address)

INDIA

*Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881	Chakwal, North India
**Mrs. W. T. Anderson	Sialkot City
Miss Ruth Ardrey, 1924	Sialkot City
Miss Helen Artman, 1920	Sargodha South
Miss Kathryn Beattie, 1920	Lyallpur
Miss Roma B. Beatty, 1909	Badomali
Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908	Gujranwala
Miss Lois Boyd, 1918	Sialkot City
Miss N. Addaline Brandon, 1931	Lyallpur
Miss Theresa I. Brownlee, 1922	Sialkot City
Miss Lois Buchanan, 1910	Sangla Hill
Miss Marie Cash, 1926	Sialkot City
Miss Evelyn Cathcart, 1925	Rawalpindi
Miss Laurella G. Dickson, 1897	Pasrur
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1918	Sargodha
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1893	Campbellpur
Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922	Pathankot
Miss Nancy Hadley, 1904	Zafarwal
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R.N., 1924	Jhelum
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896	Sialkot City
Miss Flora Jameson, 1908	Sangla Hill
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904	Pasrur
Miss Sarah Jane Lamont, 1928	Lyallpur
Miss Mary Frances Lincoln, R.N., 1920	Sargodha
Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., 1932	Sialkot City
Miss Elizabeth F. McConnell, R.N., 1931	Zafarwal
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902	Abbottabad
Miss E. Marjorie McCrory, 1936	Rawalpindi
Miss Maude M. Miller, 1925	Sheikhupura
Miss Henrietta Moore, 1898	Pathankot
Miss Margaret L. Murdoch, 1924	Campbellpur
Miss Willa M. Ramsey, 1921	Pathankot
Miss Grace N. Ranson, 1936	Rawalpindi
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924	Sangla Hill
Miss Louise Scott, 1916	Gujranwala
Miss Helen C. Sharp, M.D., 1932	Sialkot City
Miss Rose Shereda, 1928	Sargodha
Miss Kate E. Spencer, 1918	Sargodha
Miss Vivian L. Trimble, 1921	Gurdaspur
Miss Ruth A. Warnock, 1918, 1936	Campbellpur
Miss Helen V. Weede, 1928	Sheikhupura
Miss Georgia Wengert, 1920	South Sargodha
Miss Dora A. Whitely, 1911	Pasrur

* Retired; (**) Volunteer Worker.

HONORARY MISSIONARY

Miss Mary J. Campbell, 1884	211 Mamillah Rd., Jerusalem, Palestine
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NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Minnie E. Beatty, 1912	904 Publication Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Rebecca Jean Black, 1921	Petrolia, Pa.
Miss Margaret Fehlman, 1913	Crown Point, Indiana
Miss Eva M. Hewitt, 1930	Hillsboro, N. Dakota
Miss Janette Howland, 1921	Walton, N. Y.
Miss Reba C. Hunsberger, M.D., 1921	6142 Wayne Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Olive Laing, 1912	46 N. Duane Ave., Crafton, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Marian T. Peterson, 1930	235 E. 49th St., New York City

RETIRED

Miss Mary A. Lawrence, 1893	%Rev. R. E. Ayers, Harmarville, Pa.
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891	184 W. 7th St., Rushville, Ind.
Miss Rosa McCullough, 1879	Greenwood, Jackson Co., Mo.
Miss Jean Morrison, 1895	Oskaloosa, Ia.
Dr. Maria White, 1886	Memorial Home, Penney Farms, Fla.

EGYPT

Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911	Cairo
Miss Margaret A. Bell, 1901	Fayoum
Miss Helen R. Brownlee, N.R., 1934	Assiut
Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909	Alexandria
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1918	Benha
Miss Anna B. Criswell, 1905	Assiut
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926	Assiut
Miss Lucia Dwight, 1919	Beni Suef
Miss Davida Finney, 1915	Assiut
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894	Mansura
Miss Alta G. French, 1925	Beni Suef
Miss Elsie French, 1909	Tanta
Miss Martha C. Glass, 1922	Cairo
Miss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929	Tanta
Miss Alice Grimes, 1924	Minia
Miss Rena L. Hogg, 1899	Assiut
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926	Benha
Miss Bernice L. Knowles, 1932	Assiut
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921	Cairo
Miss E. Roxy Martin, 1901	Cairo
Miss Dora B. Mason, 1918	Assiut
Miss Ruth McCleery, 1931	Tanta
Miss Jeannette McCrory, 1916	Minia
Miss Evelyn McFarland, 1919	Cairo
Miss Carol E. McMillan, 1906	Tanta
Miss Sara B. Meloy, 1923	Cairo
Miss Helen J. Noordewier, 1921	Luxor
Miss Marion A. Paden, 1902	Tanta
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924	Luxor
Miss Stella Robertson, 1922	Cairo
Mrs. Rachel Tracy Seiver, 1925	Fayoum
Miss Edna B. Sherrieff, 1920	Cairo
Miss Isabel Simpson, 1931	Cairo
Miss Jane C. Smith, R.N., 1922	Cairo
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911	Cairo
Miss Marie F. Tait, 1925	Zagazig
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917	Assiut
Miss Ethel L. Weed, 1919	Alexandria
Miss Elizabeth S. White, 1924	Alexandria
Miss Ida B. Whiteside, 1913	Luxor
Miss Ruth M. Williamson, 1924	Tanta
Miss Elizabeth Wilson, 1932	Fayoum
Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919	Luxor
Miss Margaret A. Work, 1924	Zagazig
Miss Ruth A. Work, 1904	Assiut
Miss Laura Wright, 1921	Tanta

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Mary F. Dawson, 1922	Pullman, Wash.
Miss Alfretha M. Hammond, 1904	State Hospital, Warren, Pa.
Miss Helen J. Martin, 1915	513 East End Ave., Wilkesburg, Pa.
Miss Lillian McClelland, 1923	168 Chatham Road, Asheville, N. C.
Miss Frances Patton, 1922	Sparta, Ill.
Miss Helen M. Walker, 1930	235 E. 49th St., New York City
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904	1109 McClure St., Munhall, Pa.

THE SUDAN

Miss Una Coie, 1918	Khartum, North
Miss Ray Huffman, R.N., 1924	Nasir
Miss Marguerite McClellan, 1936	Khartum North
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922	Khartum North
Miss E. Verna Pillow, 1930	Omdurman
Miss C. Blanche Soule, R.N., 1921	Nasir
Miss Frances Turk, R.N., 1921	Khartum North

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Mary E. Coie, 1919	%E. B. Kinne, Blockton, Ia.
Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912	Caroline Blvd., R. D. 3, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Miss Aulora R. McIntyre, 1911	Lenox, Ia.

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF MISSIONARIES UNDER THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

(C-o American Mission should be added to each foreign address)

EGYPT

Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Adams	Cairo
*Rev. J. R. Alexander, D.D.	Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. E. M. Bailey	Minia
Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Elder	Cairo
Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Fairman	Cairo
Dr. and Mrs. H. K. Giffen	Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Gilmor	Alexandria
Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Grice	Mansura
Rev. and Mrs. F. D. Henderson	Assiut
*Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Henry	Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Hickman	Assiut
Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Hoyman	Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Hutchison	Tanta
Rev. and Mrs. E. R. Jamieson	Fayoum
Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Jamieson	Tanta
Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Kelsey	Tanta
Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Laughhead	Tanta
Dr. F. C. McClanahan	Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. N. D. McClanahan	Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. H. A. McGeoch	Alexandria
Dr. and Mrs. R. T. McLaughlin	Cairo
Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Moore	Tanta
Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Phillips	Alexandria
Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Reed	Beni Suef
Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Russell	Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Skellie	Luxor
Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Thompson	Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. F. S. Thompson	Assiut

ON FURLOUGH

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Acheson	Lowrie Hall, Ridge Ave., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Baird	3810 10th St., Des Moines, Iowa
Rev. and Mrs. Dalton Galloway	608 E. University St., Wooster, Ohio
Rev. and Mrs. L. A. Gordon	120 N. Portland Ave., Youngstown, Ohio
*Rev. S. G. Hart, D.D.	New Wilmington, Pa.
Mrs. F. C. McClanahan	New Concord, O.
Prof. and Mrs. M. C. McFeeters	New Concord, O.
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nollin	2134 46th Ave., S. W., Seattle, Wash.
Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Owen	618 S. 2nd Ave., Washington, Iowa

PUNJAB, INDIA

Rev. and Mrs. D. E. Alter	Rawalpindi
Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Alter	Zafarwal
Rev. James D. Brown	Sargodha
Dr. and Mrs. M. M. Brown	Sargodha
Rev. J. G. Campbell, D.D.	Pasur
Rev. and Mrs. E. V. Clements	Lyallpur
Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Colvin	Gurdaspur
Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Cummings	Rawalpindi
Rev. and Mrs. R. A. Foster	Sialkot
Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Heinrich	Martinpur, Sheikhpura District
Dr. and Mrs. J. A. McConnee	Gujranwala
Rev. and Mrs. Robert Maxwell	Sialkot
Mr. W. H. Merriam	Gujranwala
Rev. and Mrs. Hugh M. Milne	Gujranwala
Rev. and Mrs. H. S. Nesbitt	Sialkot
Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Picken	Sargodha
Miss Gwyneth R. Porter, R.N.	Taxila
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stewart	Dharawal
Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart	Gujranwala
Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Stewart	Campbellpur
Rev. and Mrs. R. R. Stewart	Rawalpindi
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Whitfield	Gujranwala

ON FURLOUGH

Mrs. J. G. Campbell	602 University St., Wooster, Ohio
Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Chambers	500 Schaff Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.
*Rev. and Mrs. O. Crowe	New Wilmington, Pa.
Prof. and Mrs. W. J. Downs	5825 Maryland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Rev. and Mrs. J. A. McArthur	220 E. Chillicothe Ave., Bellefontaine, Ohio
*Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Martin	New Concord, Ohio
Mrs. W. H. Merriam	500 E. Archer St., Monmouth, Ill.
Rev. and Mrs. P. A. Miller	6320 Ventnor Ave., Ventnor, N. J.
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Millson	Crawfordsville, Iowa
*Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Porter	541 Spring St., Wooster, Ohio
Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Ross	438 N. Broadway, Sterling, Kans.
Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Sutherland	200 College Ave., Fresno, Cal.

THE SUDAN

Rev. and Mrs. Leander Finley	Omdurman
Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Heasty	Doleib Hill, Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. W. D. McClure	Doleib Hill, Malakal
Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McKnight	Khartum
Rev. and Mrs. Glenn P. Reed	Doleib Hill, Malakal
Dr. and Mrs. R. F. Shields	Khartum
Dr. and Mrs. P. J. Smith	Nasir, Sobat River
Dr. and Mrs. L. B. Ulsh	Nasir, Sobat River

ON FURLOUGH

Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Adair	1355 North St., Chehalis, Wash.
Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Anderson	85 Sherman St., Hartford, Conn.
*Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Sowash	New Wilmington, Pa.

ETHIOPIA

Dr. and Mrs. John A. Cremer	Addis Ababa
Rev. Duncan C. Henry	Addis Ababa
Rev. and Mrs. C. F. Kenneweg	Khartum, Sudan
Mr. and Mrs. Phil R. West	Alexandria, Egypt

ON FURLOUGH

Rev. and Mrs. Bruce B. Buchanan	413 W. 6th Ave., Columbus, Ohio
Dr. and Mrs. V. F. Dougherty	401 E. 10th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Mrs. Duncan C. Henry	New Wilmington, Pa.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Russell	504 N. 47th St., Seattle, Wash.

(*) Retired from active service.



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The Road Ahead

Along the road of yesteryear
I felt the falling snow;
My heart looked up with joy to Him
From whom all blessings flow.

And as I passed through golden hours,
I heard a redbird call,
I heard the laughter of a child,
And the sound of a waterfall.

My heart, sometimes, had seemed to be
Like a bird with broken wing,
Like a cloudy day, or starless night:
It then forgot to sing.

But through the year, in every hour,
The sights and sounds did throng
That spoke to me of God above:
My heart regained its song.

So, looking down the New Year road,
Recalling yesteryear,
The trouble that may come to me
I do not need to fear.

And, while I walk the road ahead,
May the good I do and say
Find quick response in other folk
I meet along that way.

(Mrs. C. W.) Elsie Wehling Fulton,
Secretary of Prayer Groups.

TOO LATE

(Son of Brown Woman to Son of White Woman)

"Who was the old woman, long buried,
Wrapped in grass-cloth, under the palm?

"She was just my brown old mother,
Bent 'neath the heavy loads
Of stuff of life she carried,
Faggots and fish and bread.
Year after year she followed
Tangled and narrow and wet
Jungle paths of our people,
Leading to mart and field.

"With short, clumsy mattock, a-hacking
At stump and clod and weed,
For stuff of life she wrestled
As any woman would
Who felt the urge of hunger,
Goading and bitter and keen,
Who knew the law of the jungle,
To wrestle—or to starve.

"She was just my brown old mother,
Thinking again the thoughts
Of *her* own brown old mother,
Food-stuffs and fire—and *fear*.
Fear of the mighty forest
Peopled with spirits of dread,
Pregnant with power of evil
Stalking by night and day.

"She was just my brown old mother;
I wish she could have heard
You tell the story of Jesus
Who clothed in flesh the Word,
The Word that wakes the forest—
(Shackled in fetters of fear)
To dream of Love, and freedom.
I wish *she* could have heard."

—Author Unknown.

Sent in by Mrs. J. C. Smith.